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Kirby is a well-known author of several articles on the Sundance Kid, Butch Cassidy, and other outlaws and lawmen plus the author of *The Saga of Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch*, published in 1977 by Filter Press of Colorado.

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Kirby has been researching this book since 1968 and has been helped by the late Lula Parker Betenson, sister of Butch Cassidy, as well as several members of the Longabaugh family in Eastern Pennsylvania.

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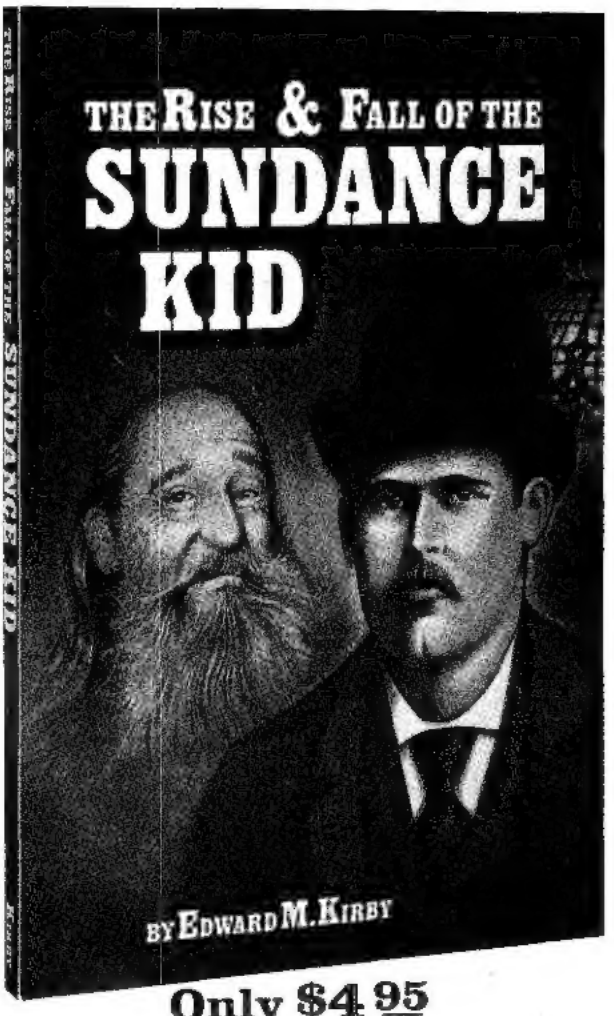

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From The Editor

It was a great get-together, TRUE WEST's 30th anniversary party in Cheyenne. This is our first opportunity to mention it. A complete report is given elsewhere in this issue.

Much of this issue is devoted to Indians, a favorite subject of mine since childhood. Where I grew up, in western Montana's Bitterroot Valley, there were no Indians. At least none when I was there. But I was the interloper. For the Bitterroot was the ancestral homeland of the Flathead Indian tribe.

The Flatheads can recall their past with perhaps more pride than any other tribe. They never warred against the whites; on the contrary they always lived in peace with the whites. If there ever was a case of white duplicity in Indian dealings, it was the manner in which the Flatheads were driven from their beloved Bitterroot.

No one feels more strongly than I do about it because I was fortunate to be among those few whites who witnessed the last return of the old Flatheads to their historic homeland.

After the Flatheads were driven from the Bitterroot Valley in the late 1800s, few returned, understandably so considering the feelings they must have had. But as the years passed and the old Indians died, the few who remained did return a few times.

By about 1955 or 1956, I can't remember the exact year, when I was about 14, Paul Charlot, last of the hereditary Flathead chiefs, and four or five other oldest members of the tribe made a last pilgrimage to the Bitterroot. I was at a 4-H camp at the time at a hot springs at the southern end of the valley. It was near those hotsprings that Lewis and Clark met the Flatheads as the explorers entered the Bitterroot.

And it was there for several days that I served as cabin boy for those old Flatheads and their wives. I brought them fresh towels and linen and took them to meals.

At dusk the 4-H youngsters, their leaders and the old Indians gathered around an enormous campfire. In a place steeped in history, we listened as the old ones told stories of Coyote Man and how the tribe got fire and other great stories. The Indians spoke in their native language and an interpreter relayed the stories to us.

As long as I live I will never forget those nights around the blazing campfire under great pine trees listening to those old Indians and watching them gesture. They must have known their time had come; they would not be back and they had to see this place one more time. And they also must have wanted to leave with young white children something of their heritage.

Then came the day when the encampment ended and as I helped take the old Indians to their cars which would return them to their reservation north in the Jocko Valley, Montana, one, Victor Humphrey, gave me a pair of beaded buckskin moccasins his wife had made.

"Remember these came from the last of the long-hairs," he said.

Sadly that was true. For about two weeks after the encampment, Chief Paul Charlot died. Then much to my shock, another of the old men died and within a year, they were all dead.

So the last of the long-hairs of the Flathead Nation are gone but I still have my buckskin moccasins and I will treasure them always.

In the years since, as a reporter, I have had to cover situations which did not always reinforce my youthful idealistic view of Indians. But always I have retained a love for the history of the Flatheads.

In this issue we have two well-written articles on wild Indians in the post-frontier period, one by Richard K. Kolb and the other a reprint from a book by Donald Worcester.

Also reprinted from a book is the article on Sarah Winnemucca by Gae Whitney Canfield. Gae is a librarian in Richmond, California, and her new book is an excellent piece of intensive research.

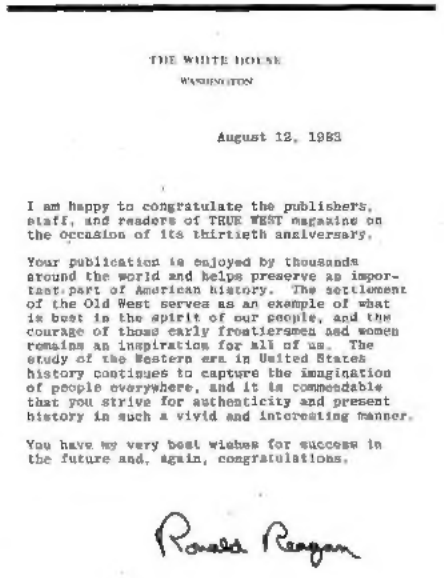
Emanuel Diel discusses what goes on in secret Indian ceremonies where the white buffalo robe is sacred and Rory Steel shows what it was like to be at the mercy of rampaging Indians in the 1850s in Texas. Rosemary and Joe Agonito have put together a good story, with photos and maps, of Buffalo Calf Road, a Cheyenne Indian woman who emerged from the Battle of the Rosebud a heroine for having saved her warrior-brother.

We have somewhat facetiously titled Wayne Christiansen's latest offering "The High Price of Strawberries." Wayne who lives in Salt Lake City and writes mostly about ghost towns discovered an early Utah resident was executed for a crime that began with the theft of some strawberries.

Barbara Blackburn begins a four-part series, "Forgotten Frontier Foods." You'll encounter pease porridge, sarsaparilla, frizzled beef and other foods you may have only heard about.

Old-time Wyoming cowboy Don Bell returns with a tale about a run-in he had with a mad mare. There's a whole bunch of other good stories in this issue, so hope you like it.

— Jim Dullenty



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

August 12, 1983

I am happy to congratulate the publishers, staff, and readers of TRUE WEST magazine on the occasion of its thirtieth anniversary.

Your publication is enjoyed by thousands around the world and helps preserve an important part of American history. The settlement of the Old West serves as an example of what is best in the spirit of our people, and the courage of those early frontiersmen and women remains an inspiration for all of us. The study of the Western era in United States history continues to capture the imagination of people everywhere, and it is commendable that you strive for authenticity and present history in such a vivid and interesting manner.

You have my very best wishes for success in the future and, again, congratulations.

Ronald Reagan

For complete coverage of the TRUE WEST 30th anniversary party, see pages 28-30.

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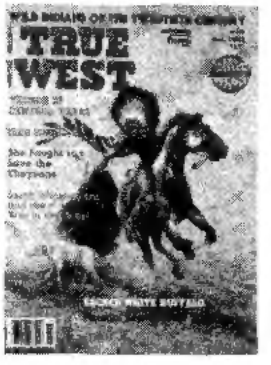
OUR COVER

Jerry Riness, who painted our cover, was reared on a ranch near Redstone, Colorado. He now lives in Retreat, Wisconsin, but spends every summer painting in Jackson, Wyoming. He specializes in oils of the Old West. This painting, entitled "To Touch the Sacred Calf," illustrates our article "Sacred White Buffalo."



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Hosstail's Small Talk

Who better could write a history of TRUE WEST than its founder and publisher, Joe Austell Small, better known to everyone as Hosstail? Starting with the April issue and continuing more or less regularly through the rest of the summer and fall, Joe is celebrating the 30th anniversary of TRUE WEST by giving a complete history of the magazine. This is his seventh installment. — Editor.

THE HISTORY OF TRUE WEST PART VII

Well, we had two factual western magazines going now and were to come out with a third one down the line.

It is interesting to look back at the masthead in 1957 and 1958 and see who was working for us. I wish I had kept a picture and short story of everyone who worked for us since the very beginning.

Listed in Frontier Times in 1957 is Betty Hale, secretary; Gloria Curd, advertising manager; Angel Leshikar, associate publisher; Norm Wiltsey, editor, and Walter Prescott Webb, historical consultant.

In TRUE WEST, Fred Gipson was listed as editor; Elizabeth Small, newsstand sales manager of both magazines; Cayle Terbay, circulation manager of both magazines and Robert Small and Joy Jones were listed under circulation in both magazines.

One of the big moments of my publishing career occurred early one Sunday morning in 1959 when I went to the office to clear up some last-minute details before taking a trip to Mexico with some friends.

I hadn't been in the office for several days prior to that and my eyes caught a piece of paper which had a telephone number with a notation from one of the girls. It said that a Pat Wagner had called and our worker had had a delightful conversation with her.

Pat and her husband had just moved to Austin from Dallas and since she was a subscriber to TRUE WEST, she wanted to tell us to change her address. Pat also asked if the people working here did it just for the fun of it or were they paid?

Here it was Sunday morning and I had to be leaving in a hurry so there was no way I could get in touch with Pat even though I had her telephone number on that slip of paper. I crumpled it up and threw it in the wastepaper basket.

As I went through stacks of paper on my desk, taking care of other details, I would glance at that wastepaper basket and the crumpled piece of paper.

Then I stopped everything and glanced at it for the third time and picked it up, smoothed it out and dialed Pat Wagner. It was coffee-breaking time and she was taking it nice and lazy, reading the paper, she said. I asked if she would be interested in working for Western Publications. She said yes and would be glad to talk to me when I got back from Mexico.

I told her that I found if people didn't do things right now sometimes they won't get done at all. I remember saying, "Why don't you come on over in your kimona and let's talk right now." She said she would be there in a few minutes. That was one of the smart things that I did as a publisher.

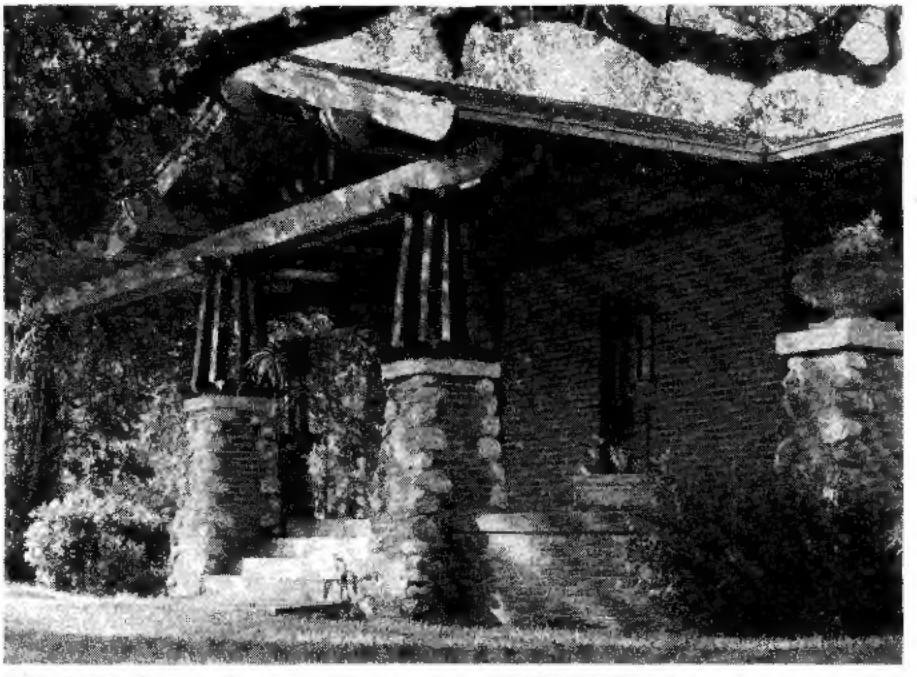
We hadn't talked for 15 minutes when I realized that Pat would be a very integral part of our publishing company if I could afford her. It is a long story, but we finally got together on terms and I talked her into starting work the next morning, even though I was going to be out of town for more than a week.

Pat had resigned from The Wall Street Journal in Dallas. She started in the advertising department and later became my secretary. Everybody saw that Pat was a valuable addition to our staff. She wouldn't let me say a thing about her in any of my writings (I may get a broken head out of this), but I am going to do it anyhow.

I soon found she was too valuable to be doing secretarial work so I made her editor of TRUE WEST. By golly, Pat was and is a walking encyclopedia on facts and information on the Old West. She was what I should have been as publisher.

That old place on 19th Street had started falling apart. The inside looked pretty ratty, so the office workers made

(continued on page 47)



This is the former home which served as TRUE WEST offices for the last 20 years. It is located at 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas.

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WESTERN COLOR PRINTS

Large Prints by Russell, Remington and Other Western Artists

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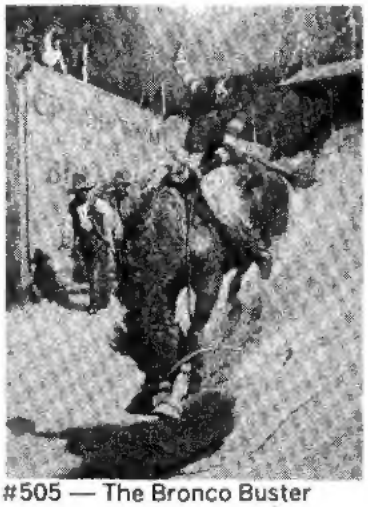
#402 — The Buffalo Hunt



#505 — The Bronco Buster

#503 — Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill)

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264— Smoke of a '45 (Cowboys on Horseback Shooting up Street), 30 x 20 ..... $16
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267— Laugh Kills Lonesome (Cowboys at Campfire Night Scene), 30 x 18 ..... $16
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269— The Broken Rope (Cowboys at Roundup), 26 x 17 ..... $16
279— Discovery of Last Chance Gulch (Miners), 34 x 23 ..... $16
280— The Jerkline (Wagon Train), 32 x 20 ..... $16
281— The Bell Mare (Vertical) (Pack Train), 20 x 30 ..... $16

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276— When Guns Were Their Passports (Cowboys), 36 x 24 ..... $18
277— The Wagon Boss (Wagon Train), 36 x 23 ... $18
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601— Charles M. Russell (Last Photo Taken)
602— Buffalo Bill in Indian outfit (Autographed)
603— C.M. Russell & Will Rogers on steps of CMR Studio (Autographed by Will Rogers)
604— C.M. Russell in Studio
605— C.M. Russell and wife Nancy shortly after marriage
606— C.M. Russell as young man on horse "Newsah"
607— C.M. Russell (trick photo) plays checkers with himself

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Any of these prints may be transferred to canvas for a more realistic appearance. Cost is 85¢ per United Inch, **plus cost of print.**

TO FIGURE UNITED INCHES: Add length and width of print. Example: a print measuring 24 x 16 would have 40 United Inches. Cost would be 85¢ times 40 United Inches, or $32.00 plus cost of print. Canvas prints may be ordered on stretcher bars, ready for framing, for $6.00 additional per print. Please allow 3 extra weeks delivery for canvas prints.

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All sizes shown are width by depth. Orders are payable in advance. Add shipping charges as follows: 1-3 prints — $2.50. 4-6 prints — $3.50. 7 or more prints — $5.00.

WESTERN COLOR PRINTS

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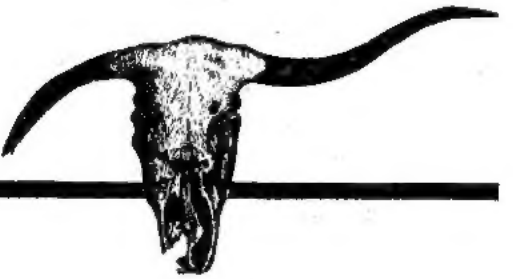
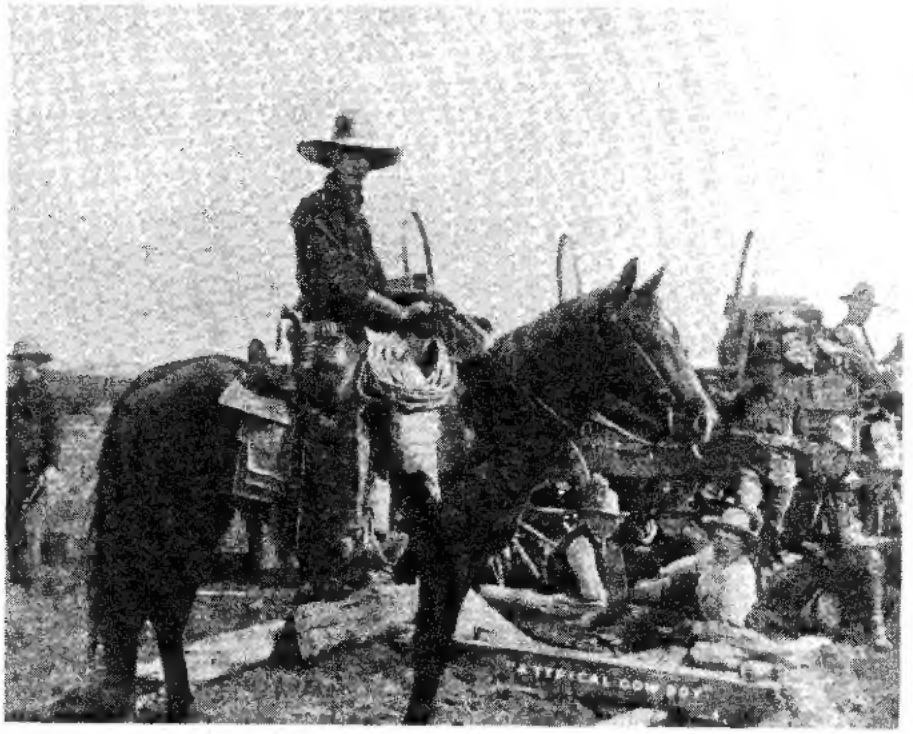
Truly Western





A typical cowboy, circa 1903.

Rediscovered Cowboy

It may come as a surprise to westerners and gun owners, but Daniel J. Boorstein, the Librarian of Congress, has rediscovered the cowboy. The problem is that Boorstein's cowboy didn't tote a gun.

In a new exhibition which opened recently at Boorstein's library, the typical cowboy is depicted as a poor slob, often black or Hispanic, who carried no firearms and had no style. So much for the cowboy.

The great artists and authors of the era who popularized the gun-toting cowboy for millions of city dwelling easterners are impugned as myth makers who were more interested in selling books and paintings than in telling or showing it like it was.

But Boorstein, a professional historian from the Ivy League universities, should have checked his archives a little more thoroughly before he allowed his Library of Congress to display such a neat bit of historical revisionism.

The last of the real old westerners is probably long dead and buried, but their heritage is still fresh in the minds of their heirs.

If Librarian Boorstein had ever studied the life of a real cowboy, such as my own ancestor, the cowboy artist Charles M. Russell, he might have recognized straight talking when he read it, and saw its character portrayed in Russell's many extant paintings.

Great-granduncle Russell knew the style and beauty of the Old West's cowboys and Indians because he lived and worked with them, and nobody has ever seriously criticized his many paintings for lack of authenticity. These were daring adventurers, like my ancestor, who took pride in the style of their clothing and wore guns out of necessity.

In their later years, Charles Russell and his good friend Will Rogers, the famous commentator, recreated the true flavor of the Old West for the American public through the sincerity of their anecdotes, stories and paintings. — **James DuHadway Craig, Box 42, Seventeen Mile Dr., Pebble Beach, CA 93953.**

Answer Man Fan

Quanah Parker would have been delighted with the kind words written about him in the "Answer Man" column in June's TRUE WEST. I am sending copies to friends whom I have told of Chuck Parson's expertise in research and writing, and for his tremendous help in my project researching Quanah Parker.

Apparently the magazine does not get through the mails to the East Coast as fast as it arrives in the West, as the magazine arrived one day and the next day two letters came as a result of Parsons' column.

One letter was from an 87-year-old gentleman who reminisced about seeing Quanah several times in Oklahoma. There was also a letter from a woman who believes she is a descendant of Cynthia Ann Parker, Quanah's wife.

Thanks for the lovely article. As usual, I think all Parsons' readers enjoy his column. — **Rosemary Johnston, 125 Hempstead Gardens Dr., H-2A, West Hempstead, NY 11552.**

Winter Wood Not Timber for the Mill

In regard to the letter of Henry Schnautz in the July 1983 issue of TRUE WEST, he should be thanked for calling attention to the title which appears under the reproduction of the W. H. D. Koerner painting on the cover of the 1983 Western Calendar, since it is not the correct title and does not fit.

In fact, the title for the painting, "Timber for the Mill," belongs to an entirely different Koerner painting, No.

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2238, which shows a four-horse team hauling long, heavy logs. According to the original Koerner Studio inventory of his paintings, the one on the calendar is No. 2099, "Winter Wood."

Each painting was numbered and photographed since the artist's death in 1938. It seems probably whoever owned both paintings at the time confused the titles and somehow gave the wrong one to Western Publications.

According to Ben Ames Williams' story in the April 16, 1921 issue of The Saturday Evening Post which Koerner illustrated, the two brothers shown in "Winter Wood" had been hauling stove wood from their wood lot. — **Ruth Koerner Oliver, 1705 Lasuen Rd., Santa Barbara, CA 93103.**

John Mullan

Loose Facts

Your May TRUE WEST's "The Northwest's First Interstate Highway" is, in my opinion, an example of very loose handling of the facts.

The Mullan Road could not be called an interstate highway or road because it did not connect or run through any state or states. At the time the Mullan Road was constructed, it touched only *territories*.

In paragraph three, it is stated that the road linked Fort Walla Walla in Washington Territory with Fort Benton in Montana Territory. At the time of the first completion of the road, linking Walla Walla with Fort Benton in 1860, Fort Benton was not located in Montana Territory, but was in what was then Nebraska Territory. When the road was upgraded in 1861-1862, Fort Benton was then located in the newly created Dakota Territory.

In paragraph four, it says, "His experience with the project began on September 30, 1853, at Fort Owen, Montana." At that date, Fort Owen was in Washington Territory. Montana Territory was not formed until 1864.

In paragraph 13 northern Idaho is mentioned, but at this time, Idaho Territory had not even been established by Congress. It was not created until 1863. **— Jack Hayne, Box 285, Dupuyer, MT 59432.**

Windy Billy

It was pleasing to read Dale L. Walker's review of *Cowboy Life on the Texas Plains — The Photographs of Ray Rector*. As editor of this book of my father's photographs, I am glad that it appeared in such a prestigious magazine as TRUE WEST.

What prompted me to write is to comment on a photograph you show on page 44 of the April 1983 issue of TRUE WEST. The "cowboy" in full dress who was photographed at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and printed through the courtesy of the American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming, may be a cowboy by the name of "Windy Billy."

In William Lawrence (Larry) Chittenden's book *Ranch Verses*, the most famous poem is "The Cowboy's Christmas Ball." He uses the identical picture you used in your magazine and identifies the cowboy as Windy Billy from "little Deadman's Branch" as described in the poem.

I think this is an interesting discovery. "The Cowboy's Christmas Ball" is still re-enacted each Christmas at Anson, Texas, where Chittenden ranched. **— Margaret Rector, 1504 Mohle Dr., Austin, TX 78703.**

Interesting Stories

I have been a subscriber to TRUE WEST for several years. I have read some interesting stories, but the February, 1983, issue of the magazine contained some of the most interesting stories I have ever read.

As a rule, I usually read one TRUE WEST story a day, but this issue, which I received only two days ago upon writing this, is almost finished.

The stories are so interesting I find it extremely hard to lay aside. I cannot choose a favorite article as they are all equally good.

If you continue to give us interesting stories in future issues, I shall remain a subscriber for the rest of my natural life. **— William A. Bell, 788 McConnell St., Memphis, TN 38112.**

Mysterious Cannon Found?

In your March 1983 issue of TRUE WEST there is a very well written article about Fremont's lost cannon by Ernest A. Lewis in which he concludes that the cannon is still lost.

I do not know where the cannon is now, but I believe it was found and fired in Virginia City, Nevada, on festive occasions.

If you read Irving Stone's *Men to Match My Mountains*, you will find reference to it on page 211: "Nevadans were so happy at the arrival of government that they fired a welcoming salute on the twelve-pound cannon John C. Fremont had been forced to abandon in the region fifteen years before."

This was in July, 1861, the month Mr. Lewis says the Kearny cannon was shipped from the San Francisco presidio to Fort Churchill. More research might establish the date the cannon was fired in July in Virginia City, and possible old army records might tell when the Kearny cannon left the presidio and if it was en route to Fort Churchill.

When you read the above quotation, it is plain the cannon fired had been there a while and had not just arrived from the presidio. As the Kearny cannon was an army weapon and assigned to a military fort, it is doubtful the army would have loaned it to a drunken mob to fire salutes in the city!

Again in Mr. Stone's book, page 322, it says, "On the day the first water reached Virginia City bands played music up and down the length of the street.

"The now venerable Fremont cannon abandoned in the snow area from which this water came was fired in celebration and rockets were gotten off the chest of Mt. Davidson."

I feel sure the Kearny cannon and the one in Virginia City are not the same. I also believe white men found the Fremont cannon and it ended up in Virginia City and was there at least until October 1875 when it was fired.

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The question is where is it now? It is not sitting in some mountain or meadow.

Speculation is endless, but there are those who agree the Indians might have shoved it off the cliff on Mount 8422. I believe it was found at one time, used, and is now lost again. — **William F. Douglas, Box 704, Lake Isabella, CA 93240.**

Cochise's Grandson

My wife and I were just outside of Tombstone, Arizona, and we had been experiencing car trouble, so we pulled into a gas station to check on the problem. While waiting, I managed to get into a conversation about western history with the mechanic there.

He stated that one Nino Cochise (who was 108) resided in Tombstone in a trailer park two blocks from his gas station. I said, "Are you kidding?"

You see I had read a book about eight years prior to this entitled *The First 100 Years of Nino Cochise.*

I called Nino. He is the grandson of the famous Cochise, Chiricahua Apache, and nephew of Geronimo, his mother Geronimo's sister.

He proceeded to tell me about his famous uncle, whom he didn't think was too bright.

He told me he himself became a chief at 16 years of age, but then was driven to reside in the mountains of Mexico. After the Indian wars, he hired out on various ranches. In the 1920s, he traveled to Hollywood, California, where he got a job in silent movies as a Hollywood Indian. In 1938, he appeared with John Wayne.

He soon tired of Hollywood, and at the age of 75, learned to fly a plane and obtained a job as a cropduster. However he flew his plane into the side of a mountain, losing one leg and two fingers.

As he got older, he decided he wanted to return to the Chiricahua hills where he was born. He went back to Arizona to live out his last days.

He is still going strong, and he was very articulate and alert when he talked to me, smoking a foot-long cigar! — **Tom Contreras, 3620 Patio Court, Lake Worth, FL 33461.**

A Bit of Paradise

You must be complimented on the February, 1983, issue of TRUE WEST for it is packed with fascinating reading and illustrations from cover to cover. I especially enjoyed "Small Talk" in which Hosstail talks about the little ranch that he always wanted and finally found.

Twenty years ago, I chanced upon a 14-acre tract of overgrown, abandoned farm land which had on it a partially finished cabin, a creek and several pine groves. One look and something happened; I knew it was for me.

And it was. My family and I spent almost every weekend for years transforming the area adjacent to the cabin into a civilized, well-tailored state.

How soul-satisfying it has been to see the pleasure of my grandchildren as they splash in the cool water of Wyomanock Creek. They'll recall the summer days when they picked wild raspberries, glimpsed deer, and watched other wildlife.

An old friend in Virginia has a daughter who, at age 10, saw the only live mink she has ever seen in her life right down by our creek. She still occasionally mentions it when discussing her visits to this site.

Yes, I agree with Hosstail, there's nothing like having your own little playground to which you can escape. — **Esther A. White, 124 White Oak Ave., Plainville, CT 06062.**

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by TRUE WEST will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to TRUE WEST, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

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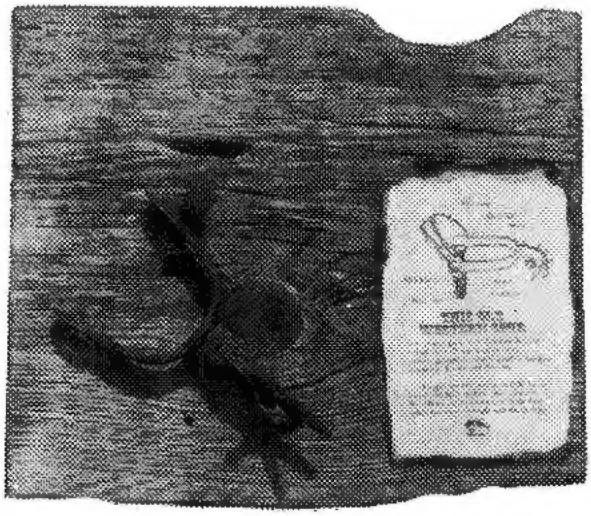

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WILD INDIANS OF

Illustration by E. L. Reedstrom

It may seem strange to some that long after the Indian wars of the 19th Century were over, there were wild Indians in the West. They not only did not live on reservations; they engaged in warfare against their neighbors. Two authors look at this phenomenon, Richard K. Kolb, in an article specially written for TRUE WEST, and Donald E. Worcester of Texas Christian University in Fort Worth. Worcester's article, which begins on the next page, is taken from his book, *The Apaches, Eagles of the Southwest,* by Donald E. Worcester. Copyright 1979 by the University of Oklahoma Press. Used by persmission.

By RICHARD K. KOLB

International News Service, Tucson, Arizona — "Riding out of their wilderness hideout, high in the Sierra Madre Mountains, a band of wild Apache Indians scalped three persons, April 10, in a settlement near Nacori, Chico, Sonora, Mexico, it was reported today by V. M. White, a mining engineer.

The three victims were Mexicans who opened fire on the marauders while the latter were looting the village.

Armed parties immediately set out to trail the painted savages and attempt to engage them in battle before they reached their impregnable and historic cliffs.

The Apaches are believed to have been led, White said, by Geronimo III, the grandson of Geronimo who was chased by the U. S. Army for three years during the 1880s in Arizona."

THE year of this dispatch was 1930.

Invariably, in accounts of western Indian campaigns, the clash at Wounded Knee in 1890 is considered the final fight in the Indian War on the American frontier.

However, the Indian War (the cellective set of campaigns commonly referred to as individual "wars"), like the frontier itself, did not so neatly come to a close. The frontier constabulary too, be it pioneer posse or the U. S. Army, played an important part in the West after 1890.

When the frontier was officially declared "closed," four territories remained in the continental West. And two retained their territorial status until 1912.

The military Department of the Colorado encompassed three of these territories: Arizona, New Mexico and Utah. Combined, they totaled 320,491 square miles of sparsely populated wilderness. The area was inhabited by some 50,000 Indians and well under a million whites.

Moreover, the outlawry (both Indian and white) endemic to parts of the West did not vanish because there was no longer a symbolic line to define the frontier. Agents of law enforcement were few, especially in the vast expanses of the arid Southwest.

Under these circumstances, the army, though vastly understrength, was essential to the preservation of order, stability and to the peaceful development of communities in this harsh and hostile environment.

THE performance of police functions in and around the lands bordering on Indian reservations could be hazardous duty. In fact, the unconventional mission of the frontier army during the Indian War, along with the hardships endured by its soldiers, is often overlooked in United States military history.

As General Sherman wrote: "At best it is an inglorious war, not apt to add much to our fame or personal comfort; and for our soldiers, to whom we owe

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our first thoughts, it is all danger and extreme labor, without a single compensating advantage."

Indeed, the War Department did not even award the Indian campaign badge until 1907. And not until the eve of World War I were Indian War veterans declared eligible for pensions.

Despite the fact that 419 Congressional Medals of Honor were awarded and nearly 1,000 regulars were killed in action in the western campaigns, the men who fought the Indian War are probably the least recognized of America's war veterans. Lack of recognition has been most pronounced in those who served during the post-frontier period.

ALL things considered, perhaps 1912 would be a more appropriate year in which to draw the curtain on the frontier. Despite the findings of the Census Bureau and the pronouncements of the War Department, much of the trans-Mississippi West retained its frontier character and penchant for Indian-settler violence long after 1890.

To trace the forgotten frays on the frontier, one must begin and end with the crimson desert of the Southwest. Arizona presented the most formidable foe and the greatest geographical barriers in the American West. The debilitating climate and the Apaches — "man for man probably the fiercest and most effective fighters of the western Indians" — were a lethal combination.

To afford protection to the citizens of Arizona, the army occupied six posts in the territory during the 1890s. Elements of a dozen cavalry and infantry regiments, averaging an aggregate of 1,500 troops per year, saw service in Arizona in the decades preceding statehood. While actual contact with hostiles was infrequent, field service was nevertheless arduous.

Life on the Arizona frontier was grim. Duty could be characterized by the six "Ds": Drudgery, drabness, destitution, disease, danger and deprivation. Despised by eastern humanitarians and scorned by local civilians, the regular soldier was caught in an undesirable position. Yet they endured both physical and psychological hardships and rendered valuable service. Though their

Apaches were living in Sierra Madres to 1950s

By DONALD E. WORCHESTER

AFTER Natchez and Geronimo had surrendered only Mangus and a dozen of his band and a few other isolated families remained at large. In October 1886, Mangus' people ran off a herd of mules from the Corralitos Ranch managed by Britton Davis, who followed them to the border and then wired (General Nelson A.) Miles.

Captain Charles L. Cooper and a detachment of 10th Cavalry found them in an open area near the Black Mountains and captured the whole party — the only time armed Apache men were captured during the whole campaign. With Mangus were three men, three women, two half-grown boys and four children.

On Nov. 1, 1886, the captives were placed on a train in Holbrook; Mangus and the warriors were sent to Fort Pickens, while the others went on to Fort Marion. There were still a few families of Apaches in the Sierra Madre, and although they stole some horses and cattle from time to time, they posed no threat to Mexico or Arizona. Survivors of these small groups lingered in the Sierra Madre for nearly half a century, long after the Apache wars were forgotten. As late as 1900 some of them attacked Mormon settlers in Chihuahua.

(continued on page 18)

Courtesy Arizona Historical Society

LEGENDARY APACHE STRONGHOLD

Looking east over the Apache stronghold in the Sierra Madre Mountains of northeastern Sonora, Mexico.

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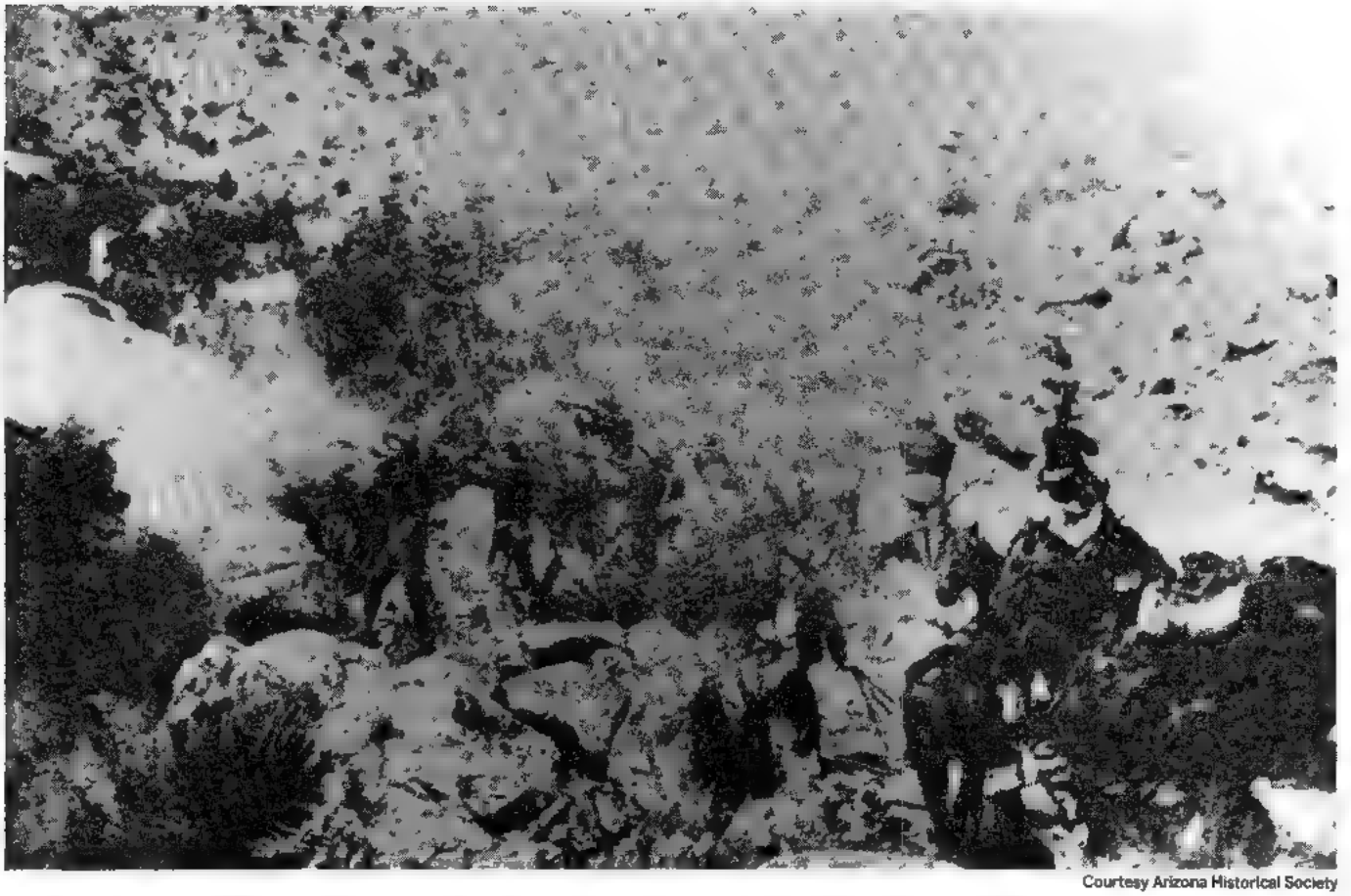


Courtesy Arizona Historical Society

Skirmish at Nippurs, Arizona, about 35 miles southwest of Fort Bowie in 1895. Here troopers are firing at renegade Apaches.

service was seldom rewarded, it was properly acknowledged on at least one occasion.

When five Indians killed a freighter in March 1890, detachments from the 10th and 4th Cavalry, accompanied by Indian scouts, were sent in pursuit. After five days of hard riding they caught the Apaches on the Salt River. In the ensuing fight two Indians were killed and the remainder captured.

For their part in the engagement, three soldiers were awarded the Medal of Honor. The citation for Sergeant William McBryar read: "Distinguished himself for coolness, bravery and marksmanship while his troop was in pursuit of hostile Apache Indians."

RENEGADE Apaches, albeit on a small scale, persistently posed a problem in the remote parts of Arizona long after Geronimo surrendered. Through the 1890s, the freighters, ranchers and miners of the territory occasionally found themselves in scrapes with hostiles.

The army was generally called out to investigate reported Indian depredations committed against remote ranches or teamsters traveling lonely wagon roads. If clues could be found, the culprits were trailed. But most patrols returned empty-handed.

The nemesis of soldier and civilian alike in this period was the "Apache Kid." His criminal career remains clouded in mystery to this day. In any case, he caused quite a stir in his time.

Apache Kid, a former army scout, commited a revenge killing, then mutinied from the army and was finally sentenced to prison. On the way to Yuma he escaped with eight other Apaches. In the process a sheriff and his deputy were killed.

Al Sieber, chief of scouts (who was injured in the mutiny), was given a "secret service" fund to track down the Apache Kid. Army officers were given roving assignments to catch him. In 1893, the territorial legislature offered a $5,000 reward.

The Kid teamed with another notorious renegade, Massai. Many murders were attributed to these two Apaches and their exploits became widely known. Scouting parties combed the countryside but neither was ever caught.

The last clue to the fate of the Kid came in 1894 when it was reported he may have died of tuberculosis. Massai supposedly survived much longer. Still, no one knows for sure what became of either.

IN 1896, the same year the patent for the radio was granted, the commander of the Department of the Colorado invited "the attention of the Adjutant-General to the extraordinary amount of field service and laborious scouting performed by the troops in often successful pursuit of little parties of renegade Apaches, who at night skulk across the border from Mexico into Arizona...."

Undeniably, hostilities on the frontier had not yet ceased.

May of that year witnessed two Apache raiding parties. After months of scouting, twelve troopers from Custer's famed 7th Cavalry struck an Indian camp near Lang's ranch, southwest of

Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Above: Bodies on sleds are of Henry Cambron and three Basque shepherds slain by the "Shoshone" Mike band in Little High Rock Canyon, Nevada, in 1911. Below: The other arm of frontier law enforcement — the sheriff's posse - played a controversial role in the waning Indian-settler conflict. This posse helped track down "Shoshone" Mike in Nevada in 1911. The Bannock band was caught at Rabbit Creek, Clover Valley, Humboldt County, Nevada. All Bannocks and a posse member were killed in a three-hour shootout.

Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Courtesy Minnesota Historical Society

Captain Melville Wilkinson was probably the last U. S. Army regular killed in action against Indians. He was killed in the Battle of Leech Lake, Minnesota, in 1898.

Cloverdale. In the attack, one Apache was killed and all the other renegades were captured.

Nine days later, a renegade camp was located in the vicinity of Guadelupe Canyon in the Peloncillo Mountains. The camp was attacked by a detachment of the 7th Cavalry and Indian scouts, but the Apaches escaped.

Under special field orders, an expedition was organized to pursue the renegades into their sanctuary. Over-the-border incursions were permitted under an agreement with Mexico. Units of the 1st and 7th Cavlary, including Indian scouts, crossed the border.

On June 21, 1896, the 1st Cavalry assaulted the camp of Nashultpie's band on Pulpito Mountain in Sonora but again the wily Apaches eluded their pursuers.

The army's failure to capture all the renegades was certainly not for lack of trying. According to the report of Brigadier General Frank Wheaton, in one year's time troops in Arizona and New Mexico marched a total of 42,457 miles in pursuit of renegades.

A BIZARRE international incident involving Indians also occurred in 1896. Mexican filibusterers operating from Arizona attacked the customhouse in Nogales, Mexico, on August 12. Ten lives were lost in the encounter. Seven of them were filibusterers known as "Santa Teresa fanatics," followers of the Saint Teresa religious cult.

It is not clear if they acted in concert, but on the same day, 45 to 50 Yaqui Indians, "believed to be under the influence of religious fanaticism," raided the customhouse to pillage.

Americans on the United States side of the border secured arms from the local Arizona National Guard armory and crossed over to help the beleaguered Mexicans expel the Yaquis. In the fight, six Mexicans and eight Indians were killed.

Meanwhile, the fracas caused U. S. troops to mobilize in and around Nogales, Arizona. The few Yaquis who retreated into the United States were captured by a company of the 24th Infantry. The alarm on the American side proved to be false. Within ten days calm was restored and the troops in the field were returned to their posts.

Near the turn of the century, the commander of the Colorado department could report to the War Department that "...a state of quietude has reigned throughout the department never known in former years."

HOWEVER, violence on the northern frontier also flared on occasion. Here, as elsewhere, the army acted as peacemaker between settlers and Indians. For example, twice during the mid-1890s, the army had to use a "show of force" in dealing with rebellious Bannocks in Idaho and Wyoming. Causes of the disturbances ranged from the murder of Indians by lawless whites to compulsory school attendance.

The other arm of frontier law enforcement — the sheriff's posse — usually played a more controversial role in the waning Indian-settler conflict. Friction over Ute hunting expeditions in Colorado led to one such encounter in 1897.

Led by a game warden, a posse of ten cowboys killed two Indians and wounded several others in a fray on the Snake River. Considering the state of relations between the races in the rural West, such unfortunate incidents were not surprising.

ONE of America's last frontiers at the turn of the century was northern Minnesota. On the surface, the North Star state appears an unlikely setting for the last in a long series of bloody encounters in the struggle for America.

Yet, it somehow seems fitting that this last battle took place in the vicinity of the source of the Mississippi River, the great divide between East and West. The year was 1898.

The Pillager band of Chippewas, numbering 1,100, inhabited the pine forests around Leech Lake in the north central part of the state. But those immediately involved in the uprising were known as "Bear Islanders" since that was the name of the island they inhabited.

Timber disposal and illicit liquor appear to have been the underlying causes for the violence. The outbreak occurred when a federal marshal took Chief Bugonaygeshig ("Old Bug"), a long-time violator of liquor laws, into custody, only to have him snatched away by the Pillagers.

At this point, troops were called in from Fort Snelling. At the same time the Indians were preparing to resist. The troops included 80 men (only 19 were combat veterans) of the 3rd Infantry Regiment, supplemented by U. S. deputy marshals and Indian police.

While preparing a night camp during a heavy snowstorm, a soldier accidentally discharged a firearm. Concealed Chippewas immediately opened fire. The braves, estimated equal in number to the soldiers, launched six separate attacks. After two days of sniping, the Pillagers withdrew from the ambush site.

Armed with Winchester rifles, the Indians inflicted considerable loss on the detachment. Six men, including the commanding officer, were killed and ten were wounded. In addition, an Indian policeman and another six civilians were wounded. Indian losses were undetermined, but six Winchesters left behind indicated that at least six warriors may have been killed.

The engagement at Leech Lake caused a general organizing and arming of the local populace along with the mobilization of additional troops, but further violence was averted. Those Indians deemed responsible for the uprising were surrendered and sentenced to short terms in prison.

However, within less than a year, all were granted pardons by President McKinley. Ironically, "Old Bug," the chief character in this incident, was never apprehended.

LEECH Lake was unique in the annals of American arms for several reasons. The 30-40 caliber Krag-Jorgensen rifle was employed for the first time in combat in this engagement. The last Medal of Honor awarded in an Indian campaign was awarded there. Private Oscar Burkhard, a hospital steward, was

cited "for distinguished bravery in action against hostile Indians."

Most important, on Oct. 5, 1898, the last soldier to die in battle with Indians was killed in this remote part of Minnesota.

ENTERING the new century, few would have thought that more was yet to be heard from belligerent Indians. But the embers of resistance were not quite extinguished.

As late as 1906, the services of an entire cavalry regiment were required to apprehend 300 Utes when they fled the Uintah Reservation in Utah. The Utes were intercepted in Wyoming and escorted to Fort Meade, South Dakota.

Demonstrations of force were generally sufficient to quell disorder, but on occasion firepower was employed. In the fall of 1908, the 5th Cavalry from Fort Wingate took part in a shoot-out with Chief By-a-lel-le's Navajo band in New Mexico. Two Indians were killed and eight captured.

THE last flare-up on the western frontier occurred in Nevada only a few years before the start of World War I. By this time few Indians ranged free of reservation restraints. Yet one band of Bannocks, led by "Shoshone Mike" (his white name was Mike Daggett), still roamed the mountains of southern Idaho.

Despite his nickname, Mike was probably a Bannock Indian. At least one author feels that Mike lied about his tribal identity to place the blame for his crimes on his tribe's hereditary enemy, the Shoshones. At any rate, it seems that Mike had been framed by an outlaw gang for a murder he did not commit.

Innocent or not, he and his band fled Idaho pursued by a posse. During the flight the band was involved in a skirmish with whites near the Utah border. Mike crossed into California but ended up in Nevada. At this point the Bannocks began butchering cattle.

When rancher Harry Cambron and three Basque shepherds went to examine some butchered cattle carcases, they were ambushed and shot to death.

A search party found the four frozen, bullet-ridden corpses in Little High Rock Canyon in northwestern Nevada.

A wire was sent to the Secretary of War requesting troops but the War Department refused the request because it claimed there was not sufficient evidence that the murders were committed by Indians.

"The last great Indian chase of history" was taken up by a posse of 22 men: Four state policemen, two sheriffs and 16 volunteers. Several posses went off on wild goose chases. Finally, some two weeks and 200 miles later, the posse caught up with Mike's band of thirteen. The date was Feb. 26, 1911.

A three-hour shootout on Rabbit Creek in Clover Valley, Nevada, like most encounters on the frontier, ended in tragedy. Bannock braves and squaws alike fought to the bitter end. When the firing died down, Mike, four warriors, two squaws and three children lay dead. Including the four ambushed, the affair had claimed the lives of five whites.

Ironically, posse member Ed Hogle was killed by the last bullet in his friend's (Harry Cambron) 38 pistol. Hogle has the dubious distinction of being the last white man to be killed in an Indian fight.

HISTORY thus witnessed the final act of organized resistance on the part of American Indians in the three century-long conflict for control of a continent. If there were other instances of organized bloodletting between red and white men after Rabbit Creek, historians have neglected to record them.

Nevertheless, a history such as this would not be complete without mention of a few other incidents. On two occasions, diplomacy headed off threatened revolts. Showdowns with Navajos in New Mexico in 1913 and with Paiutes in Colorado in 1915 were narrowly averted.

Amazingly, the United States was in the midst of World War I when the army fought its last skirmish with Indians. On Jan. 9, 1918, Troop E, 10th Cavalry, commanded by Captain Frederick Ryder, clashed with Yaquis in Bear Valley, northwest of Nogales, Arizona.

Yaquis from Sonora, Mexico were reportedly stealing cattle from Arizona ranchers. An army observation post sighted a column of Indians soon after. While moving down a canyon the soldiers were fired upon by Yaquis concealed in the surrounding bush.

In the half-hour fight, one Indian was killed and ten warriors were captured. No army casualties were sustained. After serving their sentences, the Yaquis probably settled in one of the tribal colonies bordering on Mexico.

Mexico had long been a haven for marauding Apaches. The Sierra Madre Mountains of Sonora provided the perfect sanctuary. For a handful of die-

Courtesy Minnesota Historical Society

"Old Bug," or Bug-ah-na-ge-shig, leader of the Pillager band in the Battle of Sugar Point, Leech Lake, Minnesota, on Oct. 5, 1898.

hards, the change in centuries meant nothing.

Warrior ways among the Apaches died hard. At the turn of the century Mormon settlers in Chihuahua were reportedly attacked. Massai presumably raided until his death in 1911. And cattle and horse stealing continued into the 1920s and 1930s.

In 1924, an American hunting party came upon the camp of 15 to 20 outlaw Apaches in the Sierra Madres. A week before the discovery of the renegade camp two Mexicans had been killed by Indians. That same year "Bronco" Apaches (the relatives of Arizona Apaches living in Mexico) went on a horse stealing expedition in the Guadalupe Mountains of Southwest New Mexico.

Incredible as it may seem, Geronimo's grandson, according to the International News Service, was on the warpath as late as 1930! In the fall of that year, some border citizens resorted to frontier-style action.

In the best traditions of the West, the police chief of Douglas, Arizona, organ-

ized a posse of Mexicans and Americans to pursue renegades who had been raiding ranches along the border. However, the "Indian fighters" did not get any farther "than an Agua Prieta cantina."

Light-hearted incidents such as this provided only temporary comic relief for in 1935, Sonora ranchers wiped out an entire band of Apache renegades. It is uncertain just when the last band faded from the Sierra Madre Mountains.

History has tended to regard these events worthy of no more mention than that which can be squeezed into a footnote. However, in the interests of historical justice these last forgotten frontier fights should be remembered.

Apaches in Sierra Madres

(continued from page 13)

One of these renegades was Massai, a Warm Springs Apache who had served as a scout in the 1880 campaign against Victorio. Two years later he and other scouts were returning to Arizona by train from Texas when he learned that Loco's Warm Springs band had been forced to leave San Carlos and was on its way to Arizona.

Massai slipped off the train and somehow rejoined his family left in the Sierra Madre. Thereafter, he and his family left the renegades and returned to Turkey Creek where he lived with his family until all of the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs Apaches were rounded up for exile in Florida.

According to Jason Betzinez, Massai tried to stir a revolt on the way to Holbrook but no one cared to join so futile a venture. Before the train reached St. Louis, however, Massai escaped and made his way through unfamiliar country back to the Warm Springs region. He went secretly to Mescalero and stole a young woman, remaining in hiding with her for a quarter of a century. Part of the time he was with the Apache Kid and other irreconciliables, mainly Chiricahuas.

THE most famous of the Apache renegades who remained at large after Geronimo's surrender was the former scout known as the Apache Kid. He was probably a White Mountain or San Carlos Apache. He had served well as a scout against the Chiricahuas and had risen to first sergeant of Company A, Indian Scouts. He was married to a daughter of Arivaipa chief Eskiminzin. His troubles began the summer of 1887 when he avenged the killing of his father by shooting an Apache named Rip.

The Apache Kid and the scouts with him returned to San Carlos after the killing. Captain Pierce, now Indian agent at San Carlos, ordered the scouts to hand over their rifles and ammunition belts, and all of them complied. Then the interpreter, Antonio Diaz, apparently told them they would be sent to Florida, alarming other Apaches who were within hearing. Some mounted warriors rode up, and one of them opened fire at Pierce and Al Sieber. The Apache Kid and the scouts with him fled, most of them unarmed.

General Miles, at his headquarters in Los Angeles, declared, on the basis of inadequate information, that "the Indians have been well treated, and the [San Carlos] affair is the result of the innate deviltry of the Indian character, excited by very bad liquor."

The most famous of the Apache renegades who remained at large after Geronimo's surrender was the Apache Kid.

Soon after this, Miles traveled to San Carlos, where he received a message from the Apache Kid saying that he wanted to return there but couldn't with troops pressing him so closely. Miles called off the pursuit, and the scouts came to San Carlos to surrender.

Despite their admission that they did not understand the charges against them, Miles ordered the Apaches court-martialed "as if they had been white soldiers." One member of the court asked to be excused because of "bias and prejudice."

Others admitted to the same handicap, but asserted that they could "arrive at a judgment on the basis of the evidence presented." The fact was that they had already reached a decision; after going through all of the formalities, they sentenced the Apache Kid and four other scouts to death by a firing squad.

Miles objected to the harsh sentence on the grounds that Antonio Diaz' statement had excited others and that the "mutiny" was not premeditated. He ordered the court to reconsider its verdict. The court dutifully met again in August and sentenced the scouts to life in prison. Miles reduced the sentence to ten years and sent them under guard to Alcatraz.

The courts now decided that the army did not have jurisdiction in such cases, and the prisoners were returned to San Carlos and released, only to be arrested by civil authorities and taken to Globe to stand trial in October 1889.

Largely on Sieber's testimony they were again found guilty. Edward Arhelger, who was present, wrote that "all were promptly found guilty, which I think myself was wrong, but the sentiment was such that a good Indian was a dead Indian."

The Apache Kid and his companions were sentenced to serve seven years in the territorial prison at Yuma. Sheriff Glen Reynolds and one deputy took the shackled prisoners in a stagecoach to Casa Grande en route to Yuma, having rejected Sieber's offer to provide an escort of scouts.

On the second day they came to a steep hill; the sheriff and his deputy unloaded those prisoners who were shackled in pairs to lighten the load. The Apache Kid and Say-es, who were handcuffed separately, were left in the coach. The others pinioned the sheriff and his deputy, seized their guns and killed both. They shot the driver and left him for dead though he survived.

Troops and scouts were soon on their trail, killing two and capturing two, but the Apache Kid and several others were still free. Apparently the Kid and Massai joined forces for a time, and although they were blamed for numerous killings far and wide, neither was ever caught. Because the Apache Kid was his son-in-law, Eskiminzin was suspected of giving him supplies and information concerning troop movements; for this the chief was shipped off to Mount Vernon Barracks in Alabama, to be held with other prisoners of the Apache War.

In 1890, Mexican rurales killed three Apaches, recovering from one of them Sheriff Reynolds' watch and pistol. Four years later Walapai Ed Clark saw moccasin tracks near his cabin in the Galiuro Mountains and hid to watch. After dark he saw two forms approach-

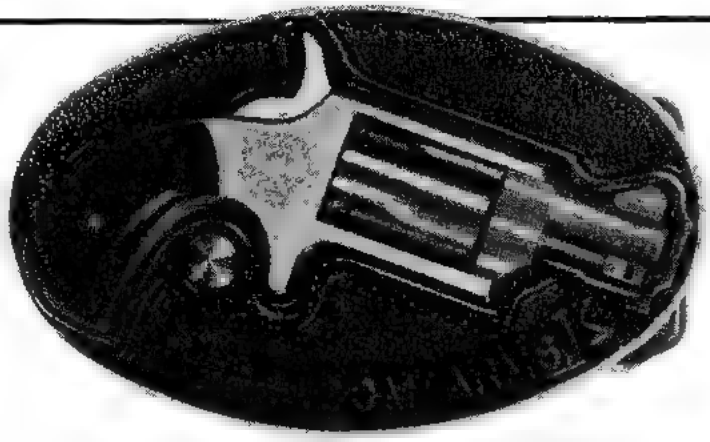
ing his horses and opened fire.

The next day he and a posse found a dead Apache woman and tracks made by a wounded man, but the trail soon disappeared. If the wounded man was the Apache Kid, as was generally believed, he was not known to be in Arizona again.

Later that same year an Apache woman came out of the Sierra Madre and reported that she had left him dying, apparently of tuberculosis.

In 1911, or shortly before, Massai's wife returned to Mescalero with their four children after Massai apparently had been killed.

A few Apache families remained in the Sierra Madre and stole cattle and horses occasionally in the 1920s and 1930s. During the winter of 1935, Sonora ranchers killed all of the members of one band. Jason Betzinez believed there were still a few Apaches living in the Sierra Madre as late as the 1950s.



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Ever been attacked by an angry range mare? Don Bell has.

THE MAD MARE

By DON BELL

Photos Courtesy of Author

I HAVE worked with stock all my life and thought I knew about all there was to know about range horses. But that is where I was badly fooled.

I was a rodeo contestant for some years and came into contact with about every type of horse that there is. I have been put on the run several times by range studs and have often given a moose a lot of country. But this time I was attacked by a docile-looking mare and she gave me more trouble and fight than a barrel of wildcats.

I hired out on this ranch in early spring. Another rider and I were to take 260 head of cattle to summer range which was a three-day drive. We put these cattle on some deeded land first and I stayed with them until a crew of fence hands went up and repaired the fences on land that was the summer range.

There was a bunch of horses running on the summer range and I had to run them out before the fences were all fixed.

For my own use, I had three saddle horses, two bronc colts that I'd just started when we drove the cattle up and one Morgan stud that was well broke, a good fast horse and sure-footed as a mountain goat.

BEFORE sunup one morning, I took the big stud and went to clear these old stray horses off the range. When I came to the first bunch of horses, it must have been about nine in the morning. There were five old broke saddle or pack horses in the bunch.

I yelled and off they went at a gallop to one horse in the distance. This lone horse turned out to be a big sorrel mare with a new colt. The colt was newborn

Don Bell in early photo.

and was laying on the ground. These five old horses were smelling the new colt and trying to make friends with the little fellow.

The mare was old — I do know she was smooth-mouthed. She was worrying about her baby, I reckon, when she saw me coming on the stud. I got about 30 yards from her when she charged me.

Those old horses I'd jumped first had grazed away from the colt by then. I just sat on my stud thinking this old mare was bluffing me and would turn back to her colt as soon as I let out a yell.

Well, she didn't turn back and by then I knew I had a fight on my hands. I carried a saddle rope that just tied on by a light piece of lacing leather. I jerked my rope just as that mare was on us.

My stud was wanting to get out of there and fast. It was a job to keep him on the ground. If I'd had as much horse sense as he had, I'd have let him take me out of that line of fire.

WHEN she hit us, she reared and one foot went over the stud's neck back of his ears and the other foot went right by my chin through my coiled rope and she took it with her. She made one pass at us and left at a fast gallop back to her colt. She knocked me and my stud down.

This happened so fast I didn't even have time to get off my stud. I just went out flat, but fell in the clear with no damage done to me or the horse.

I've ridden geldings plenty of times and come into contact with ornery range studs. They'll give you a fight but I never dreamed that old mare would try to eat a man and a horse.

I gathered my rope and made it into about five or six big coils just to use it as a weapon to defend myself and horse. My stud, I think, was more afraid than I at that point.

I walked him away from the combat zone and tried to cool him off a bit, but all this time he and I both had our eyes on this old mocky mare.

She was standing over her colt a good 75 yards from us. I waited half an hour trying to figure a way out of this. The colt was up on his wobbly legs trying to find his dinner when those five old horses I jumped first came over to smell and look over the new one.

I waited for another half hour and thought the colt had his lunch, so I stepped on my big stud, had my rope at the ready to beat the old mare's head if she charged me again and rode at a walk toward her.

I LET out a yell that could be heard for a mile. The five horses took off, but the old mare smelled her colt, threw up her head and came for us.

This stud went crazy when he saw that mare on the warpath. She hit him head-on and her mouth was wide open. Her teeth snapped just under his left

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Don Bell, at left, as he looked when he recently won a medal at the National Finals Rodeo in Oklahoma City for being named national rodeo historian for 1982. At right, Bell rides a saddle bronc, about 1937.

eye and she took the hair off. That's when I saw her teeth and knew she was old.

She was striking at us with her front feet, and her eyes seemed to blaze red. I was whipping for all I was worth with that rope but my blows on her old head never seemed to take effect.

She struck my hip and knee with her flying feet, but I didn't know it until after the battle was over. I was trying to get my stud out of her way, but the attack was too fast. She was all over that stud and me, too.

Finally, after what seemed like hours but it was just a minute or so, she quit and went back to her colt.

In my lifetime I've been in some tough spots but never one like this. I've heard and read of men being attacked by grizzly bears, but this old mare had them beat. This was a *mad* mare!

She was a good 100 yards from us by now and the colt was sucking. My horse was wet with sweat and plumb afraid. I was, too.

I just rode off for about a mile, got off and sat down to think this over. I rolled me a smoke and just told myself there is sure a lot of glamour and glory in being a cowboy and this takes the cake. I thought of everything. My orders were to clean that range of all horses and I was going to do it if I got killed trying.

My hip and leg were pretty sore. If I hadn't had a heavy pair of chaps on, I'd have really felt the blows from her feet.

I SAT there and talked to my horse for a long time. I thought if I'd rope that old mare maybe I could manhandle her. Sometimes you can forefoot a horse and jerk him down, but then I told myself I didn't want to tie onto that horse. If I'd have just had my 30-30, I'd have killed that old mare.

I told my stud after we had cooled off, we had better go back to see if we could get her out of there. When we got in range of that she-devil, I got off my horse and led him toward her. She was all eyes, watching us come. This colt had taken on some milk by this time.

When we were about 100 feet from her, I started yelling and screaming like a maniac. This old mare and colt turned and started out toward the other horses — not paying any attention to me at all.

I felt pretty good so I swung up on my horse, thinking now we had it going our way. We didn't have over two miles to go to rid the range of those stray horses.

The old mare was going in the right direction, trying to follow the other horses and the colt was doing pretty good on his wobbly legs trying to stay at mama's side.

All went well until we came to a washout. The old mare went across, but the colt couldn't get up the steep cut bank, which was about three feet high. He tried several times and fell on his side.

The old mare had gone ahead some distance. I waited for a spell and knew I had to give "junior" a lift. So I got off my stud and led him slowly up to the washout.

I hung my rope on my saddle horn. It wasn't tied. I got down in the wash, holding my reins just at the tips. With my other hand, I pushed that loose-jointed colt over the bank. That's when the old mare struck again!

I DIDN'T see this one coming. I was down, trying to get the colt out. The mare went over the top of me and the colt and went for the stud. I lost hold of my reins and lost my saddle horse. That old mare couldn't catch him. He quit the country fast. I really don't think there is a horse that could have caught him.

There I was with this newborn colt, afoot, miles away from camp. The old mare came back, sniffed her colt, sniffed me and didn't pay any attention to me whatsoever.

There wasn't a thing for me to do but start walking. I took off my heavy chaps and spurs, laid them on a rock and started my walk back to camp.

I got into camp after dark that night. My stud was there with my two bronc colts grazing like nothing happened. I unsaddled him and found my rope missing. My horse had lost it in the run for freedom. He was skinned up pretty bad on the breast and nose and I was stove-up in the leg.

The next day I rode one of my broncs over to finish the job I'd started. Those old ponies had cleared out and I was thankful for that. But I never found my rope.

That trip taught me a lesson though: Don't ride the range on a stud horse. I rode him because he was well-broken and I thought if I ran horses on one of my green-broke broncs, I'd ruin him for sure. Another lesson I learned that day: Don't underestimate an old range mare.

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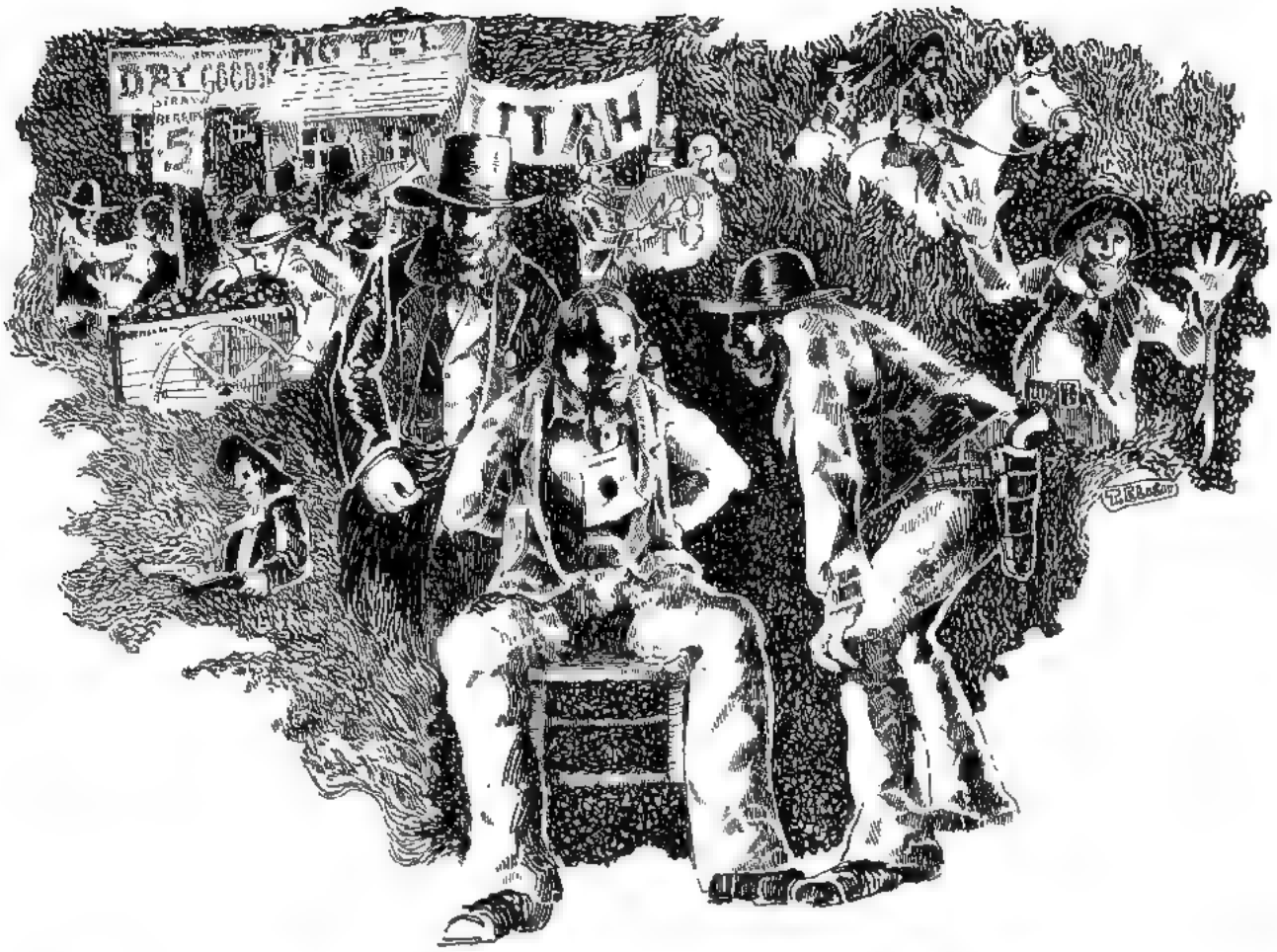


The High Price of Strawberries

His Crimes Began With Theft and Ended With Murder!

By WAYNE S. CHRISTIANSEN

Illustrations by Thomas A. Elisii

IT'S hard to believe, but Patrick Coughlin, sometime resident of Park City, Utah, paid with his life for a crime that started with stealing strawberries.

Coughlin, 23, came to Salt Lake City on July 24, 1895, from his home in Park City, about 50 miles to the east. Coughlin was there to celebrate with his friends the 48th anniversary of the Mormons entering Salt Lake Valley.

Before it was over, Coughlin faced a firing squad because, as the Deseret News of Salt Lake City said on Dec. 15, 1896, "evil companions and questionable resorts suited his fancy far better than good ones. He liked sowing to the wind and lived to reap the whirlwind."

The gala festivities marking the 48th Mormon anniversary included a parade down Main Street. Along the route were sidewalk vendors selling goods. It was from one of these that Patrick and his friends Frank Kenney and Fred George stole strawberries.

Frank went home and was met by Deputy Williams who arrested him. He was fined $20 and released. Coughlin and George, learning of Kenney's arrest, laid low for a few days and then stole some horses and headed out of town.

Sheriff Harrington of Park City was notified and he headed for Emigration Canyon hoping to cut off the two culprits.

Meanwhile, the two had entered the canyon and there met a third friend, A.D. Bruce. Coughlin and George told A.D. they were headed for Wyoming to become sheepherders. Fifteen or 20 miles further toward the Wyoming border, Coughlin told A.D. they were really going to steal horses and herd them into Wyoming to sell.

A.D. said he didn't want anything to

Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

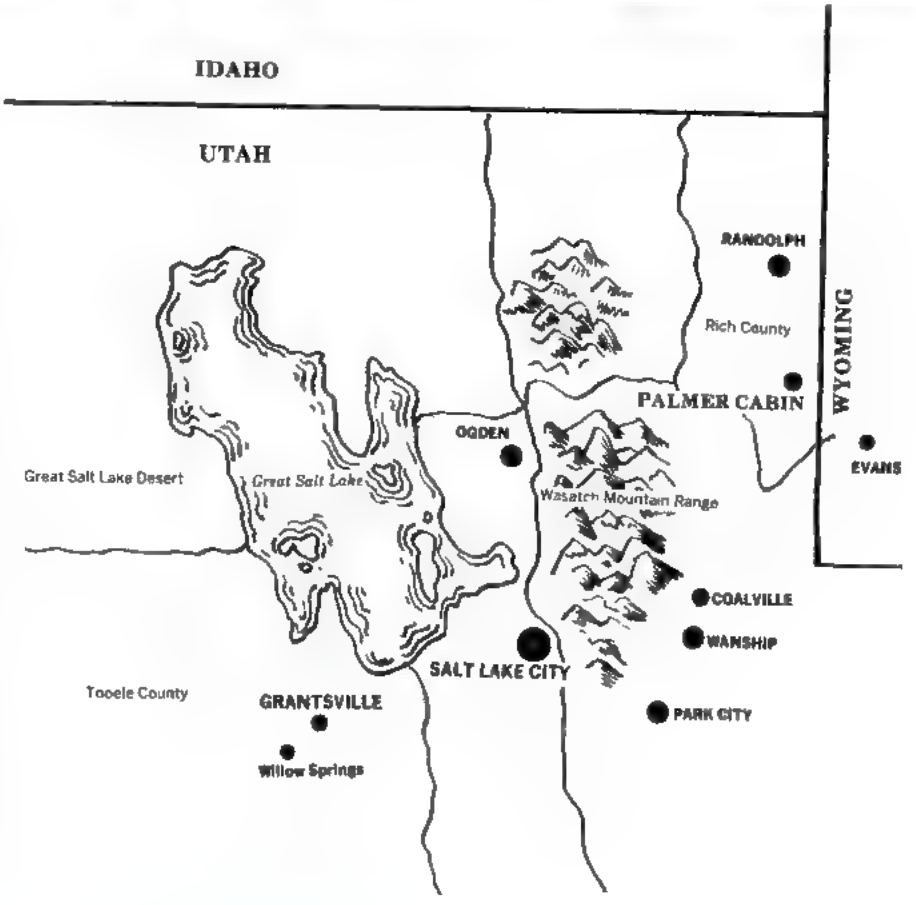
Photo above is of July 24 Pioneer Parade about 1895 in Salt Lake City. It was in 1895 at this event that Patrick Coughlin stole the strawberries.

do with that. Before he could finish talking, Coughlin drew a gun on him and told him to "throw up your hands and be quick about it." The two "friends" relieved A.D. of his horse, money and rifle and sent him on his way.

Sheriff Harrington and his deputy, Earl Williamson, met Coughlin and George near the Morgan County line at the top of Emigration Canyon. Rifles were drawn. Sheriff Harrington yelled, "Now Patsy, put away the gun."

Coughlin responded by shooting at the sheriff. The bullet shattered the sheriff's saddle horn, sending a piece into his face. Coughlin and George rushed on over the mountain. They rode into a small town of Wanship where they purchased more than 300 rounds of ammunition. They camped that night at the Palmer cabin in the mountains a few miles west of Evanston, Wyoming.

Sheriff Harrington returned to Park



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City and telegraphed law officers in Evanston. A posse was formed at Evanston consisting of Special Deputy N.E. Dawes, Constable Parry Stagg of Echo, and Calverly and William Taylor. The posse surrounded the Palmer cabin at 5 a.m.

The lawmen planned to capture the two as they came out of the cabin. The plan was disrupted when Fred George spotted Calverly Taylor. Fred shot at Calverly but missed. Coughlin and George then opened fire on the lawmen. After a half-hour exchange of gunfire, N.E. Dawes was killed. A few shots later, Parry Stagg also was killed. The remaining two lawmen who had used up their shells went for help. The two outlaws were unhurt except for a slight flesh wound on George's thigh. After Coughlin and George saw the lawmen leave they made good their escape.

Angry citizens of Evanston hurried to the cabin after hearing the Taylors' report. They assumed the outlaws were still in the structure when they arrived and they riddled it with over 500 rounds.

Salt Lake City Sheriff Hardy and fourteen deputies headed for Ogden hoping to surprise the two culprits by using a different route. It just happened that Coughlin and George were returning to the city on the same route.

When the outlaws and lawmen saw each other across a canyon, Coughlin led George to City Creek Canyon. Patrick Coughlin knew this area well because he was once a sheepherder here in his teens. Two deputies spotted the men and fired. George's horse was shot from under him.

A short time later other officers arrived and fired over 600 rounds at any place in the canyon that looked like it could hide a man. By this time, Coughlin and George were well on their way to George's house in Salt Lake City. For the next couple of days Sheriff Hardy and his men searched the city for the men.

Shortly, the outlaws got food and

Photos from the top: Park City, Utah, about 1894; Main Street of Park City, Utah, about 1894, and Salt Lake City as it looked in the mid-1890s. Park City was Patrick Coughlin's hometown.

All photos courtesy of the Utah State Historical Society

stole more horses and headed west. About 50 miles from Salt Lake City, near Grantsville, the two weary and hungry outlaws rode to the bunkhouse of the Third-term Mine and asked for food. Manager Ruel Barres fed them. They thanked him and rode west. Barres recognized them from descriptions put out over the wire and as soon as the outlaws were gone, he notified local authorities.

The pair camped for the night in Willow Canyon. They awoke the next morning to find themselves surrounded by the posse members. Coughlin yelled, "Don't shoot! This is the first time we've had a chance to surrender like men, without being shot down like dogs!" George didn't give up as easily. He wouldn't surrender for almost an hour.

The two outlaws were taken to Ogden for separate trials for first-degree murder and horse stealing. A few days later the trial was moved to Randolph, located in the county where Stagg and Dawes were killed. George became docile and cooperative. But Coughlin was uncooperative and loud during his trial.

Coughlin asked, "Why didn't they come in and ask us to surrender? They just started sending a volley into the shanty (the Palmer cabin). The bullets just whizzed around our heads. The kid (Fred) said we were goners, but I told him we must fight for our lives so we started in. I did the shooting and the kid did the loading."

About N.E. Dawes, Coughlin said, "He was shot through the lungs. There was blood in his mouth. I got him a drink of water and washed out his mouth. He told me he was sorry they had fired on the cabin and they wouldn't have done it if they had known only two were in the shack." Coughlin also insisted they hadn't shot Stagg. But in jail, Patrick boasted of his killings to at least two guards who then testified against him.

On Oct. 26, 1895, Patrick Coughlin was found guilty of murder and was sentenced to death. Asked how he preferred to die, he said, "I'll take lead." To which the judge asked, "Do you mean that you elect to be shot?"

"That's what I mean!" Patrick replied.

Fred George was found guilty of horse stealing and second degree murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. A few years later he was released for being a model prisoner and never got into trouble again.

After many appeals a final sentence was passed on Dec. 9, 1896. Coughlin was to die by firing squad on Dec. 15, 1896.

A few days before his sentence was carried out, Coughlin told a reporter:

"Dawes was behind a post when I pumped it in him and he jumped like a jackrabbit. I would do the same thing again if I was there, because they were shooting at me."

Patrick spent his last night with his mother. She felt like any mother but she told him to take it like a man. "Never fear, Mother, that I will not take it like a man," he said.

Coughlin was arrogant to the end. Asked what he would like to eat for one of his last meals, he replied, "I would enjoy some Dawes and Stagg meat and a steak off of Calverly."

Early on the morning of Dec. 15, Coughlin was taken to a lonely canyon named Sage Hollow. Five men had been living in a tent for the last few days at the execution site to keep their identities hidden. The tent had five holes cut in it for gunports. Patrick was tied to an oak chair about 30 feet from the tent. A paper target was pinned over his heart.

"Have you anything to say?" the sheriff asked. "Is there a statement you desire to make?"

"Nothing," Coughlin said, then added, "I have one request and that is that my picture not be taken." He was then blindfolded. At the sheriff's signal, five shots rang out and instantly Patrick Coughlin was dead.

Death by firing squad is a high price to pay for about one dollar's worth of strawberries.

Western Roundup

Museum for Saddle Fans

Vince Greeley's museum at Puyallup, Washington, houses hundreds of western items such as hats, spurs, bridles, chaps, whips, guns, ropes, horse collars, rifles, arrowheads, and pioneer kitchen equipment.

He has one of the largest saddle collections in the West with over 200 different styles. One is a genuine Pony Express saddle. He has another valued at several thousand dollars because of mountings.

The museum also houses a collection of steer horns, some measuring eight feet wide. Added to this are logging equipment and tools, wagons of various sizes and weights, stagecoaches, cutters, surries, early fire fighting equipment, mining equipment and tools, stoves and much more.

Vince bought the place in 1920 and has been collecting western memorabilia for more than 63 years.

The museum is open Wednesday through Sunday from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission is one dollar. When in Puyallup, turn south on Meridian, go past the fair grounds, and turn left at 23rd Avenue. Go a little over a mile past a gravel pit to the museum.

Vince Greeley's Frontier Museum in Puyallup, Washington.

Rich Placer-Mining Area. Columbia, California, in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, was one of the largest and richest placer-mining areas of the Mother Lode: $87 million in gold was extracted between the initial strike in March 1850 and 1880.

Columbia State Historic Park in Columbia covers 12 square blocks in the old business district. It was partially restored to its appearance in gold rush days. The old Wells Fargo and Company Express office still exists, and the schoolhouse has been completely restored. Other buildings, including a bank, a newspaper building, saloons, and a barbershop are open to tour.

The Fallon Theater, once the center of Columbia's social life, is again active with stage shows Tuesday through Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoons. Stagecoach rides are also available.

The museum is open daily 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., June 1 through Sept. 30. It is open 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. the rest of the year. Admission is free. For more information, call 209-532-4301.

Kansas City Mansion. The John Wornall House was built before the Civil War on a 500-acre frontier tract. Now in the heart of Kansas City, Missouri, the house stands at 61st Terrace and Wornall Road.

Though the city life has changed, the spirit of early Kansas City is preserved in the red brick farmhouse John Bristow Wornall built in 1858. It has been open to the public as a museum for ten years.

The museum offers guided tours and costumed cooks demonstrate open-hearth cooking.

This restored, Greek Revival plantation mansion is open Tuesday through Saturday and holidays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Sunday 1 to 4 p.m. Admission is $1.50 for adults, and 50 cents for children three to 12 and senior citizens. For more information, call 816-444-1858.

Western Americana Featured. An extensive collection of western Americana is featured at the Churchill County Museum and Archive located at 1050 S. Mine St., Fallon, Nevada.

The history of Churchill County and the Lahontan Valley and memorabilia displays pertaining to the Emigrant Trail, the Pony Express, the Transcontinental Telegraph and Paiute and Shoshone Indians top the list of sights to see.

Notable collections include rocks, minerals and gemstones, artifacts of the Paiute and Shoshone tribes, military equipment, folk art, and turn-of-the-century furnishings displayed in period rooms.

The museum is open Monday through Thursday and Saturday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.,

Sunday noon to 5 p.m., May 1 through Sept. 30. The rest of the year it is open Monday through Wednesday and Saturday, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., Sunday noon to 4 p.m. Admission is free.

California's Family Shootout. For lovers of the Old West and those who enjoy the sport of shooting Colt single action revolvers and black powder rifles, the End of Trail Shootout in Orange County, California, is the place for you.

Held annually, the event's rules are simple: Only period firearms, circa 1860 to 1890, or authentic replicas can be used in the matches, and all entrants have to dress in western costumes. Shooters compete for $20,000 in prizes and awards for the various events. All shooting contests are staged in realistic but safe surroundings.

Not all of the fun is confined to shooting however. A western barbecue, hoedown and music close each day's events.

The End of Trail Shootout proves that reliving the Old West can be both safe, fun and a family affair. For more information on the 1984 shootout, contact Tex Hill, 3951 W. Sierra Hwy., Acton, CA 93510.

Kansas History. More than 9,000 volumes in the library of the Kansas Heritage Center cover pre-Columbian times to the present day. But this is only one of the interesting aspects of the Center located in Dodge City, Kansas.

The center creates and sells Kansas items such as a state seal plaque or poster, state symbol stickers and several maps. It has also published several western books.

Every summer the center, in cooperation with a state university, sponsors week-long, one-hour college credit workshops. This year the subjects were "Women in Kansas History" and "Kansas Trails and Forts."

The Kansas Heritage Center is open Monday through Friday, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Top Western Artists. In 1965, the Cowboy Artists of America was founded to perpetuate the memory and culture of the Old West as illustrated by Frederick Remington and Charles Russell.

Today the organization's new museum encompasses the nation's top western artists and their works. Located in Kerrville, Texas, it was designed to showcase and be a permanent home for the Cowboy Artists of America, housing members' works and memorabilia. The displays are never static.

The museum features a large main gallery exhibiting three or four examples of each Cowboy Artist of America member. A smaller gallery is used for one-man shows, regional western exhibits and student works. A third gallery, not yet completed, will house member's memorabilia.

The museum is open daily except Mondays. Admission is $2 for adults, 50 cents for children six through 12, and no charge for children under six.

Savage Display. A pair of kidskin slippers covered with silk and decorated with Venetian glass beads and a pair of wooden sunglasses are just two unusual artifacts displayed at the exhibition "They Call Us Savages."

The exhibition, which opened in March, is located at the Witte Memorial Museum, 3801 Broadway, in San Antonio, Texas.

Many of the items shown here have never been exhibited before at the museum. The selection of artifacts includes a rare Arapaho baby carrier, a Navaho chief's blanket, Eskimo ceremonial masks, earthenware pottery, fetishes and toys.

There are nine featured cultures including the Plains Indians, the Shoshone Diggers, Arctic Eskimos, Northwest Coast Indians, The Iroquois, Plateau, Southeast and Southwest Indians.

The Witte Museum is open Tuesday through Sunday from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission is $2 for adults and $1 for children under twelve. Saturday and Sunday are free until noon.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least six months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information, including black and white photos, to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

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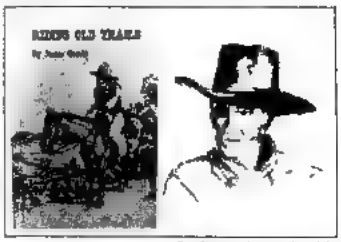

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TRUE WEST PARTY

A Gala Gathering in the West

Photos by Alan Herbert and Jim Dullenty

It was just about the greatest meetin' the West ever saw and old Hosstail sure did enjoy himself. He even managed to give a speech in less than three minutes and tell only one joke!

We're talkin' about TRUE WEST's fabulous 30th anniversary celebration at Cheyenne, Wyoming's Hitching Post Inn on Aug. 6. This is our first opportunity to show you what it was like.

We hoped every reader could make it and about 400 did, packing a large ballroom to see Montie Montana and his family perform rope tricks, listen to Hosstail, Chet Krause and others and to just have a ball. A surprise guest was Martin Kove, who plays a detective on CBS-TV's "Cagney and Lacey." Kove aroused audience interest with his plan to revive the western film.

Joe "Hosstail" Small was accompanied by his lovely wife, Elizabeth. Long lines formed as TRUE WEST readers queued up to meet Hosstail and get his autograph.

The event got underway with a book autographing party featuring Edward M. Kirby, Sharon, Connecticut, author of Western Publications' new book, *The Rise and Fall of the Sundance Kid,* and William Longabaugh, of Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, last member of the Sundance Kid's family with the Longabaugh name.

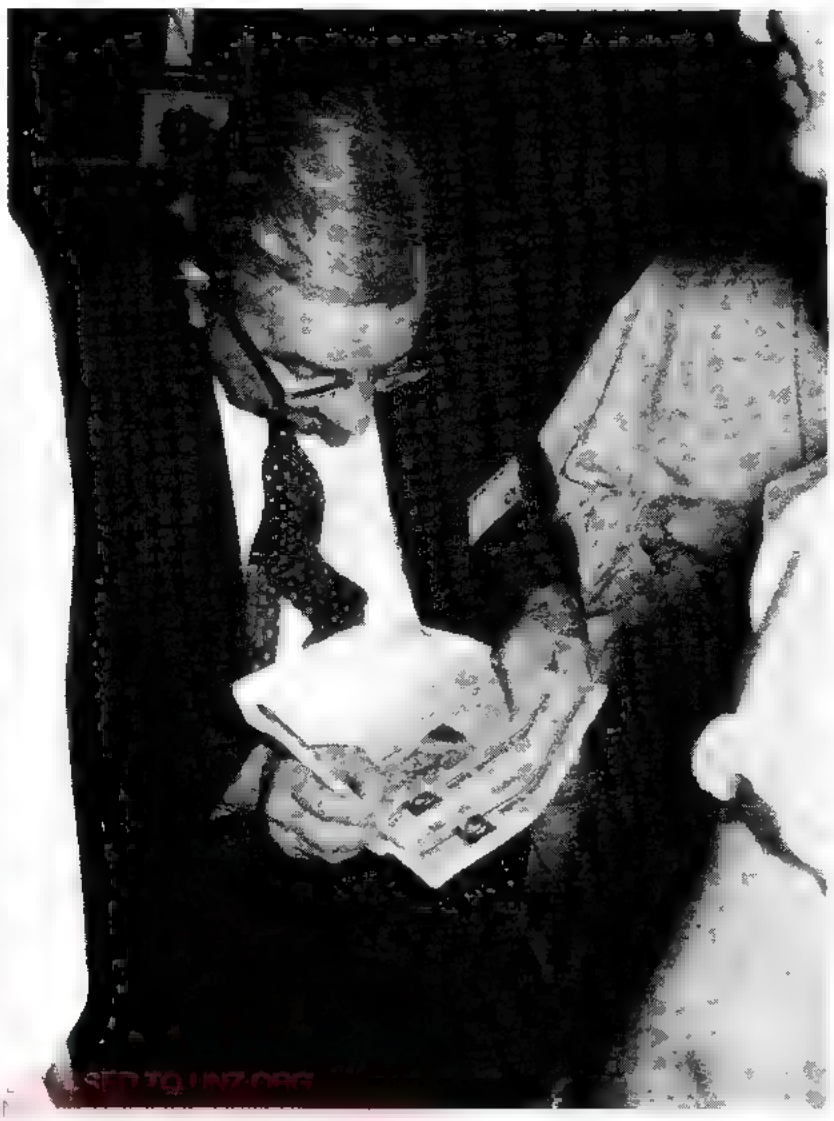
Among TRUE WEST writers and staff members present were Jim Dullenty, editor; Chuck Parsons, the "answer man;" Barbara Blackburn, cookery specialist; artists Gordon Pond and Mel Bradshaw; Bill O'Neal, "reel cowboys" columnist, and others.

The TRUE WEST party culminated the 10th annual rendezvous of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History which opened at the Hitching Post the previous Wednesday. About 180 attended the NOLA function which was very successful.

Chet Krause, owner of Krause Publications (in photo at right below), presents Montie Montana with TRUE WEST's first annual "True Westerner" award. The award is for contributing to mass understanding of western history and culture. Krause Publications' Western Publications division publishes TRUE WEST.

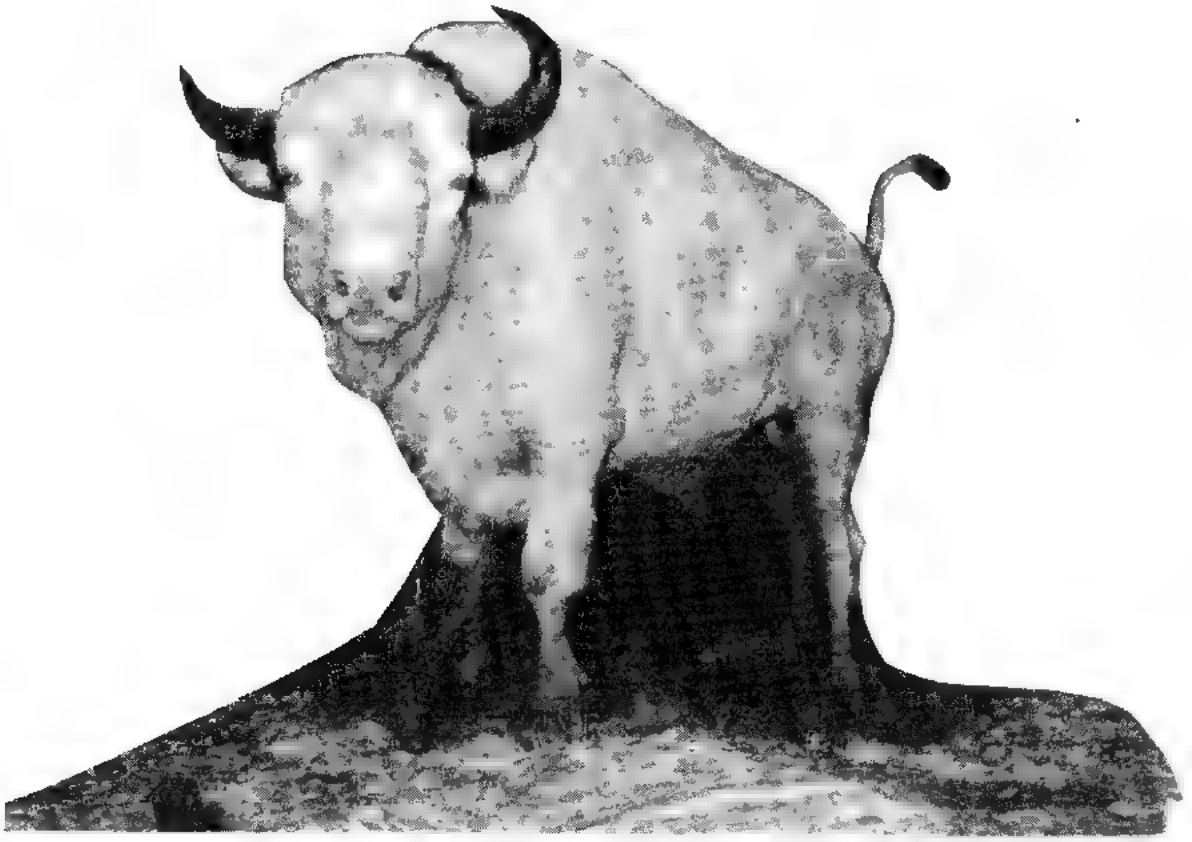
Hood River Blackie

CBS-TV star Martin Kove (top) squires Mary Haefner, left, TRUE WEST editorial assistant, and Patti Krause, TRUE WEST assistant, at the TRUE WEST exhibit. Hosstail (below) with his wife, Elizabeth, enjoys the party. At right, Hoss signs one of hundreds of autographs.



SCENES AT TRUE WEST PARTY AND NOLA RENDEZVOUS

Above, Winslow, Arizona, artist Mel Bradshaw continued painting at the NOLA rendezvous. Top right, Bill Longabaugh, guest of the rendezvous. At right, TRUE WEST "Answer Man" Chuck Parsons speaks to rendezvous. Below, Ed Kirby, author of* The Rise and Fall of the Sundance Kid, *accepts book's original cover painting from Jim Dullenty, TRUE WEST editor, at party.



Courtesy Montana Historical Society

Sacred White Buffalo

Used in Secret Indian Ceremonies

By EMANUEL DIEL

It was the sacred and secret White Buffalo Festival of the Hunkpapa Indians. Only the chiefs and old men could attend. Hidden behind the wall of tree limbs and under a tent of buffalo hides, they watched closely. A mistake could bring hunger and pain. But without mistake, the ceremony would give the tribe life and strength.

Spread out on the black ground was a beautiful new buffalo robe, its whiteness like a star in a dark sky. The robe had been made with great care by a young virgin. Now the priest was placing 16 tufts of red-tinted goosedown around the robe. The tufts at the corners represented the four winds to blow away sickness. The others stood for all powers of life.

"Hei-ya! Hei-ya!" shouted the Indians when the last tuft was in place. They felt safe because the priest had made no mistakes.

"The old die, the new are born, and the race lives on forever," chanted the priest. "The white buffalo is the chief of the herd."

The Hunkpapa were part of the Teton Sioux, that great tribe of the northern Plains whose most famous leader was Sitting Bull. The Hunkpapa belief that the white buffalo had sacred or magical powers was shared by many tribes.

Beliefs and ceremonies were a little different from tribe to tribe, but to all, the white buffalo was "big medicine." This is because the all-white coat was very rare in the huge herds that roamed the plains a hundred and more years ago.

Most adult buffalo were dark brown. Among those of lighter shades were a few white-spotted animals. Fewer still were "off-white" or almost white.

But rarest of all were pure white albinos with pink eyes. These were the most sought after and were looked upon with awe. To own a robe from such a buffalo, it was believed, would lend its magical powers to the owner or his tribe.

Something like the White Buffalo Festival of the Hunkpapa was the White Buffalo Hide Ceremony of the Omaha tribe. It was meant to ensure that the buffalo herds would return to the hunting grounds.

ALSO similar was the White Buffalo Dance of the Fox Indians of Wisconsin. This dance grew out of a legend that a lone warrior long ago defeated a large and fierce enemy force. He was able to do this because a white buffalo "with red eyes and red horns" helped him. The buffalo gave the warrior the magical power to escape by turning himself into a white buffalo whenever the battle was going against him. It was believed that the White Buffalo Dance would pass along some of this protection from

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Photo above is of Big Medicine, the most famous white buffalo. He died in 1959, is stuffed and on display in the Montana Historical Society Museum, Helena.

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father to son, year after year, through all time.

Southern Cheyenne Indians believed that hanging a white buffalo robe on a pole over their village would drive away evil spirits and human enemies. The robe had to be prepared in a special way.

Old men believed to be close to the spirit world and braves who had won important battles were among the few people allowed to touch it. To break the rules would cause the magic to work against the tribe instead of for it.

In the Mandan, Arapahoe, Pawnee and Blackfoot tribes, white robes were part of the medicine men's "good medicine." The robes were thought to cure or prevent sickness. Some Indian chiefs wore white robes into battle to protect them from harm.

When white and black men entered the West, they didn't worship the white buffalo as the Indians did. But the non-Indians found the rare animals interesting and exciting. This excitement soon spread to the East through newspaper and magazine stories. The earliest known white man's report of a white buffalo skin was by a trader named Antony Henday in 1754. Other early mentions were made in 1793 and 1800.

In 1870, a hunter named James Morgan shot a white buffalo in Kansas. It came to be known as the Morgan Buffalo. He had the skin stuffed and the life-like form was shown to the public in many towns and cities. It was sent to Philadelphia in 1876 for the Centennial Exposition where it was seen by thousands. The Morgan Buffalo was exhibited in Topeka, the Kansas capitol, until 1898.

The most famous white buffalo in history was "Big Medicine," born in May 1933, on the National Bison Range in Montana. The herd on this range is one of several built up to save the buffalo after they were almost wiped out by hide hunters and others between 1872 and 1884.

Big Medicine was not an albino — he was not pure white with pink eyes. Except for a brown patch at the top of his head, his color was off-white. But at certain times of the year, he looked almost pure white among the brown animals of his pasture herd.

Thousands of tourists from all over America came to the range to admire Big Medicine until he died on Aug. 25, 1959. His skin was stuffed and mounted at the Montana Historical Society Museum in Helena where it can be seen today.

The buffalo meant more to the American West than any other animal. His meat, hide, bones and sinews served Indians and non-Indians alike. Among millions of buffalo in huge brown herds, the very rare white buffalo was sacred to the Indians.

The white buffalo was much admired by non-Indians also, but not as a sacred or magical being. Unlike the Indian, the white man did not hang a white buffalo sign over his village for protection. Or did he? In Wyoming, the state flag that flies over important buildings has a white buffalo in the center on a field of blue.

Big Medicine shown in pasture at the National Bison Range in western Montana where he roamed from 1933 until his death in 1959.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society

The Answer Man

A Ship Named Wyatt Earp. A question from Sam Felton, 1326 W. Calle Arizona, Tucson, AZ 85705, deals with a ship named *Wyatt Earp*, which sailed on a South Pole expedition with Admiral Byrd.

There was indeed a ship named for Earp on Byrd's second Antarctic expedition in 1933-35. The captain, Lincoln Ellsworth (1880-1951), achieved fame by being the first man to fly over both the Arctic and Antarctic regions.

In July 1933, this ship left Bergen, Norway, for Dunedin, New Zealand. It was built in 1919 and named the Fanefjord. When asked why he changed the ship's name, Ellsworth replied:

"It is because to me the name of Wyatt Earp, that stouthearted, upright, riot-quelling marshal of the early Middle West states in America represents all the best qualities in pioneering and development."

Ellsworth further explained he hoped his ship would help develop new frontiers just as Earp had done in the 1870s and 1880s. It is apparent that Ellsworth's understanding of Earp came from books by Walter Noble Burns and Stuart N. Lake.

That Painting is Not Cochise. In June TRUE WEST, I said that a painting of noted Apache warrior Cochise is available from the Western History Collections at the University of Oklahoma Library. I have now learned that that frequently produced painting (it is not a photograph) which has been identified as Cochise dozens of times is a portrait of Juan Rey, a Pueblo — not Apache — councillor.

The portrait first appeared in the August 1903 issue of Out West magazine and it was clearly identified as Rey. The painting was done by noted western artist L. Maynard Dixon (1875-1946) who gained considerable recognition with his paintings of life and landscape in the American West.

Juan Rey, a Pueblo councillor, mistakenly identified as Cochise.

Thanks to Lori Davisson, research specialist at the Arizona Historical Society, for setting me straight on this. She wrote:

"Apparently at some time in the dim past, an author or publisher used the picture and labeled it Cochise and since then the error has been perpetrated hundreds of times over until it seems hopeless to try to convince people it really isn't Cochise."

Billy the Kid's Girlfriend was Pat Garrett's Sister-in-Law. As long as I am making corrections, I should note that in April TRUE WEST, I said it seemed difficult to accept Celsa Gutierrez, Billy's girlfriend who was with him shortly before he was killed, as a sister of Apolinaria Gutierrez, wife of Pat Garrett who killed the Kid.

I was skeptical because it sounded too "pat," too much like the plot of a novel. Garrett and the Kid were good friends, both fell in love with sisters, one married Garrett, the other old man Sabal Gutierrez. Then Sabal, aware of his wife's affair with Billy, tipped off Garrett as to the Kid's whereabouts, thus ridding the territory of an outlaw and himself of a competitor. Yeech! But the part about Celsa and Apolinaria being sisters is true.

According to Jarvis Garrett, son of the famed lawman, who wrote me, "Celsa Gutierrez was my aunt, my mother's sister. Celsa, as she was described by my mother, was a blue-eyed blond, as was my mother's mother. Celsa was married to Sabal Gutierrez. She died at an early age."

Several Dealers Have Rare Books. There continues to be interest in Bill Tilghman and his wife, Zoe. Tilghman's career extended from the 1870s to the 1920s. His widow wrote a biography of her husband and a biography, as well, of Quanah Parker.

Warren E. Wood, 811 Rockland Ave., Charlottesville, VA 22901, asked how he can obtain a copy of the Parker book.

To locate any out-of-print book, first write directly to any of the several dealers who advertise in the classified ads in TRUE WEST. They probably can get you a copy if they don't have it.

Shooting From the Hip. Was there much shooting from the hip and use of the swivel gun in the Old West? That's the question from Arthur P. McMahon, 7046 Woodlife Dr., Box 48, Derby, NY 14047.

To my knowledge, the only respectable gunfighter who wore a swivel gun was Ranger and El Paso Marshal James B. Gillett. He had established his reputation by the time he adopted the swivel gun. So far as I know he never needed to depend on this in a life-and-death situation.

Eugene Cunningham wrote that out-

(continued on page 52)

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Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Sarah Winnemucca's autographed photo sent to her brother, Natchez. It is inscribed "Your loving sister Sarah Winnemucca."

Sarah Winnemucca

Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of a famous Northern Paiute chief, for whom a town in Nevada is named, epitomized the struggle between two cultures. She fought to bring prosperity and dignity to her people and at the same time opposed warlike actions among the Indians. One of the incidents during her short but adventurous life (1844 to 1891) which demonstrates this struggle was the Bannock War in eastern Oregon. Sarah helped save friendly Indians and whites from hostile Indians. The following excerpt, taken from the book *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*, starts at the beginning of hostilities.

From **Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes,** *by Gae Whitney Canfield. Copyright 1983 by the University of Oklahoma Press, Norman. Reprinted by persmission.*

By GAE WHITNEY CANFIELD

IN April 1878, Sarah Winnemucca was visited by a delegation of three Paiutes from the Malheur Reservation. She had not been living with Joseph Satwaller for some time and was working for a Mrs. Charles Cooley at the head of the John Day River near Prairie City, Oregon.

The men told her: "We are worse off than when you were at the Malheur, if that is possible. There is so little food, the children are dying of hunger." Sarah could see the poor condition of the men themselves.

Mrs. Cooley invited the hungry men into the house, and a meal was set before them such as they had not eaten for a long time. They asked Sarah: "Please come to Camp Harney and tell the officers that we are hungry, for Jerry Long, the interpreter, is in with Rinehart; he gets plenty to eat. You are our only voice!"

Sarah reminded the men how little she had been able to help them when she had complained to the officers at Fort Harney. She told them that she would do all that was within her power, but she could not leave at that moment. Toward the end of May six more delegates came from the Malheur and begged for Sarah's help again. This time she promised she would come as soon as she could get over the snow-covered mountains with her wagon.

On the first of June, two gentlemen from Canyon City came to Sarah and asked if she would take them to the Malheur Agency, for they had heard that she was going there. One of the men, a Mr. Morton, had a daughter named Rosey, a pretty little girl of twelve, who would be making the trip.

Sarah agreed to take them to Malheur for $20. They left Mrs. Cooley on June 4. After making their way over the mountainous wagon trails, they arrived at the Malheur Agency on the next evening. Sarah dropped her passengers at Rinehart's house and went on to stay with her cousin Jerry Long.

Jerry told her that many Bannock Indians were now on the reservation and that there was trouble afoot. He sent for Egan, Oytes, and Bannock Jack to come speak with her. Jerry had no food, and when the others came in, they had none either.

"Did you bring any salmon or anything to eat? Sarah went to bed without anything to eat. We have not anything at all down here," Jerry told them.

"We have not caught any salmon for ten days and therefore we had nothing to bring. What does that praying agent mean by not giving us our rations?" Egan complained bitterly.

Jerry replied, "I was there yesterday to see if I could buy some flour of him, but he won't sell me any. He told me to tell you and Oytes that he has written to Washington about the wheat, and just as soon as the order comes he will send to your people."

Sarah went to the council tent with Jerry and was introduced to the Bannocks. Bannock Jack asked if she had heard of the trouble at Fort Hall, and she replied that she had not seen a newspaper for a long time. He then told her what had happened.

Two girls had been digging roots when white men came and caught one and used her shamefully. The brother of the girl, Tambiago, got drunk and killed a white man in retaliation. The Bannocks were told to bring in the Indian within ten days to serve white justice. When the fugitive was found, the Indians returning him to the fort discovered that Colonel John Smith had already taken away all the Bannocks' ponies and guns in retaliation against the tribe.

Jack complained that it was not as if

ELECTRONIC

and the War in the West

they had not tried to bring in Tambiago, and the guns and ponies were not the government's to take. He asked Sarah to write it all down and send it to Washington, which she agreed to do.

Egan rose and made a long speech about Agent Rinehart and how he had wronged them. He spoke with dignity and authority. He was dressed like a white farmer in a cotton suit and straw hat, with his hair cut short at the neck. His appearance was in sharp contrast to that of the Bannocks, whose long, braided hair was arranged in a pompadour at the forehead, while feathers and beads hung from their fringed leather garments. Sarah noticed that all of the council looked to Egan as their leader. Oytes listened attentively to him while crouching quietly in a corner.

Egan said that Agent Rinehart had never issued clothing since he had been at Malheur. He had taken all the stray horses and penned them up for his own and shot the Paiutes' horses if they chanced to go into his grain fields. He allowed his employees to play cards and gamble with Jerry Long and the mail carrier so that they lost any money they earned. "Now one and all of you, my men, give our mother what little money you have. Let her go and talk for us. Let her go right on to Washington, and have a talk with our Great Father," Egan implored.

HE collected $29.25 from the council and gave it to Sarah who promised she would make the long trip for them to Washington, D. C.

She told them that she would sell her horse and wagon in Elko, Nevada, where she could board the train. She had agreed to take Mr. Morton and Rosey to Silver City, Idaho, en route to Elko. The party left the agency on the morning of June 8 by way of the Barren Valley.

Sarah did not know that word had been received at Fort Harney of new trouble with the Bannocks on Big Camas Prairie in southern Idaho.

The warrior chief Buffalo Horn had attacked and wounded some white freighters. The Bannock chief had served as a scout for the whites under General Howard during the recent Nez Perce war, but now he was embittered because the whites had not fulfilled their promises to remove squatters and their cattle from the Camas Prairie, as had been agreed by treaty in 1868. He had 300 or 400 warriors who were well mounted and anxious to fight.

At Malheur, Rinehart was aware that all was not right on his reservation. He was supicious of the Bannocks who had recently come from Fort Hall, and he would not issue them though Egan begged that the visitors be given food. Then a courier arrived reporting the Camas Prairie depredation, and this messenger was followed a few days later by a second, who reported that the Bannocks on the Snake River had stolen government wagons loaded with ammunition.

Rinehart moved his employees off the agency. When he found that his own Paiutes had left to assemble at the southeastern corner of the reserve in Barren Valley (even Jerry Long, his interpreter, had gone with them), the agent hurriedly left for the settlements in the John Day River Valley.

General Irvin McDowell was apprised of the trouble in Idaho. He telegraphed to Camp McDermit for confirmation from Natchez and Chief Winnemucca that they would help keep the peace. Both professed their continued friendship for the whites and announced their intention to leave for the Malheur Reservation to talk to the Bannocks there.

Jim Crowley and his son were cattlemen in Barren Valley, along with J. W. Scott, who was now the beef contractor for the Malheur Reservation. These men talked with the Bannock and Paiute chiefs at the ranch of a man named Thomas Davidson. The Indians asked Scott if he would write their grievances on paper to send to Washington. If so, the Paiutes promised to return to the reservation despite all that had occurred with Rinehart. The chiefs dictated, and Natchez interpreted what Scott should write for them. When they had finished, not having much confidence in Scott's integrity, they took the paper and gave it to Crowley to read.

They found that Scott had not voiced their grievances, but "had painted the Indians as 'demons' and the agent as an 'angel.'" Natchez and Old Winnemucca could barely restrain the Indians from killing Scott on the apot.

Subchief Leggins of Winnemucca's band made an earnest speech in the whites' behalf, reminding the others

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

Chief Winnemucca, Sarah's father. The grand old chief of the Northern Paiutes, he and his family were always friendly to the whites.

Courtesy Robert Canfield

Juniper Lake, Oregon, with Steens Mountain in the background. Here Sarah Winnemucca successfully brought her father and other Paiutes out of a Bannock war camp, which was located in a valley beyond these precipitous slopes.

that he had invited the white men, and if they were killed, he and the Paiutes would be blamed for it. He declared that they would have to kill him first. Since the Bannocks wished to influence the Paiutes to join them, the issue was not pressed.

The whites stayed until dark. When they attempted their escape, they were chased by the hostile Indians for fifteen miles. While being pursued, Natchez leaped from his exhausted horse and hid in the sagebrush. Thus he finally eluded his pursuers. Old Winnemucca, however, was captured and held prisoner by Oytes, who had become the new leader of the Malheur Paiutes. Chief Egan too had lost his authority, for the voices of moderation were no longer tolerated.

Crowley rushed to warn the troops at Fort Harney of a new Bannock-Paiute war alliance. Already most of the cavalry at Harney were marching eastward toward Idaho, and only a skeletal force remained at that fort.

Rinehart returned with a few employees to the Malheur agency to check on its condition. When he heard the report from Crowley, he telegraphed Commissioner E. A. Hoyt to ask for troops to protect the public property because he was abandoning the agency.

Levi Gheen, a farmer at the Duck Valley Reservation near the Nevada border, also sent a telegram to the commissioner: "The Bannocks are murdering and plundering through the northern country. They have run the Shoshones off the Duck Valley reservation and taken possession of everything. A Shoshone just arrived in great excitement. I am here without means. What shall I do!"

Sarah says in her autobiography that as she, Rosey and Mr. Morton traveled through Barren Valley, they knew nothing of an Indian war, but they did notice that the few houses along the road were vacant. On the morning of June 12, as they were coming to the summit before the descent to Fort Lyon on the Oregon-Idaho line, they met a man on horseback who stopped to warn them that the Bannocks were warring with the whites and killing everyone in their way. He said that they had chased the stage driver as he was coming from Elko and that they had killed him and wounded a passenger, who fortunately got away on one of the stage horses. The Bannocks had captured guns and ammunition. The messenger told Sarah's part that they should hurry on to Stone House, where the settlers had congregated for some protection.

Sarah's pony, which had been trotting neatly, now rushed ahead. The three passengers in the wagon held on, while keeping a cautious eye out for hostiles. When they drove up beside Stone House, men came out of the building with guns, wanting to know who they were. Sarah explained that they had just heard of the war from a man on the road.

Captain Reuben F. Bernard's cavalry company had followed Buffalo Horn's trail from the Camas Prairie in Idaho. They arrived at Stone House on the same day as did twenty volunteers from Silver City, Idaho, who had recently engaged the Bannocks in battle near South Mountain in Idaho.

One of the volunteers, Piute Joe, claimed that he had killed Buffalo Horn in the fight, but the soldiers were skeptical of the Paiute's story. Sarah noticed that the soldiers were looking at her as if she were some fearful animal, and she felt very uncomfortable. After Bernard spoke to the captain of the citizen scouts, he introduced himself politely to Sarah and said, "The citizens say that you have a good deal of ammunition in your wagon."

Sarah's heart "almost bounded into her mouth." She said: "Captain, they must know or they would not say so... If you find anything in my wagon besides a knife and fork and pair of scissors, I will give you my head for a football. How can I be taking guns and ammunition to my people when I am going right away from them?"

The tall, black-bearded captain had been active in the campaign against the Modocs and was now in charge of Fort Bidwell. He told Sarah that he believed her.

Sarah knew, of course, that her trip to Washington, so recently proposed by Egan, was now postponed indefinitely. She asked Bernard if she might be of service to the army, as she had been employed before as an interpreter and scout and was familiar with those duties. Bernard replied that he would telegraph to General Howard at Fort Boise and see what the general proposed. He asked if Sarah knew the country well, and she informed him that she did. Later, when Bernard moved onto a place called Sheep Ranch, he assured Sarah that, if Howard wished her services, he would let her know.

Sarah had a difficult time that night, for the people at Stone House still accused her of smuggling ammunition. She cried and told them to look in her wagon. Finally a Captain Hill of the volunteers spoke for her:

"I know your father is a friend of the whites. If I can do anything for you, I

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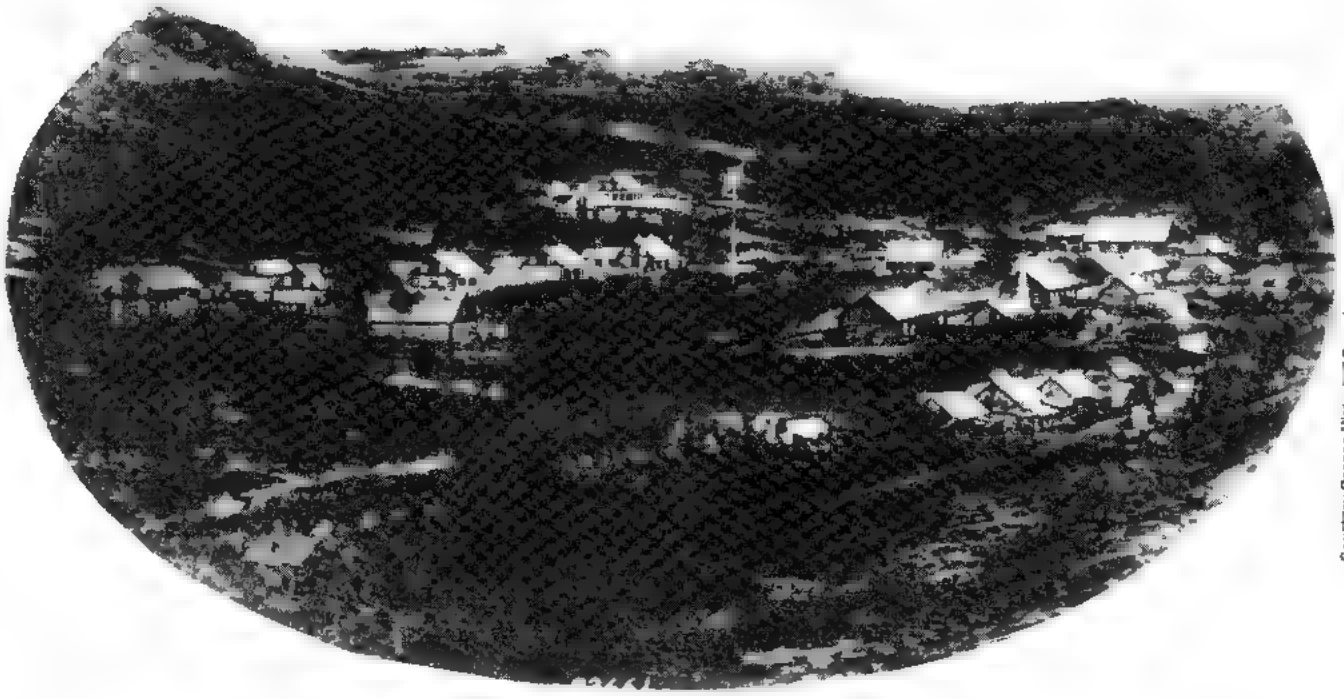


Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

Camp Harney, Oregon, during the winter of 1872.

will be most happy to do it. If you want to go to the command, I will give you a horse."

The next morning Sarah took leave of Rosey and Mr. Morton. She claims in her autobiography that Morton had proposed marriage to her and that she had declined, saying that she could only marry for love (that she was still married to Joseph Satwaller was apparently not discussed).

Sarah had decided to join Bernard at Sheep Ranch and saw the opportunity to go there with some couriers who were headed in that direction because telegraph lines had been pulled down. When they arrived, Captain Bernard informed Sarah that General Howard had accepted her as a scout. He also told her that her brother Natchez was reported to be killed or captured by the Bannocks.

Numb with grief, Sarah also learned their father and other tribesmen were held unwillingly by the Bannocks. She immediately made up her mind to go to them.

Howard answered: "Send Sarah with two or three friendly Indians straight to her people, and have them send a few of their principle men to you. I will see that all who behave well and come in are properly fed. Promise Sarah a reward if she succeeds."

SARAH tells us that she was sent off from Sheep Ranch the next morning with Two Paiutes, George and John, who reluctantly accompanied her into the hostile zone. She had been offered $500 for the return of her people. Bernard had given her a helpful note at the last:

"To all good citizens in the country, Sarah Winnemucca, with two of her people, goes with a dispatch to her father. If her horses should give out, help her all you can and oblige. Captain Bernard."

The trio traveled fifteen miles to the Owyhee River crossing. There they found citizen scouts who gave Sarah a fresh horse and something to eat. They soon struck the Bannock trail and traced it down the Owyhee for some miles to the spot where the Bannocks had camped.

Sarah knew the Bannocks had been mourning the death of Buffalo Horn for she found broken necklaces, torn clothing and remnants of cut-off hair along the trail. Then she found that the Indians had turned toward Barren Valley.

The three traveled all day through the rocky, dry country and did not stop to rest even when daylight ceased. Finally, Sarah called a halt when their horses gave out.

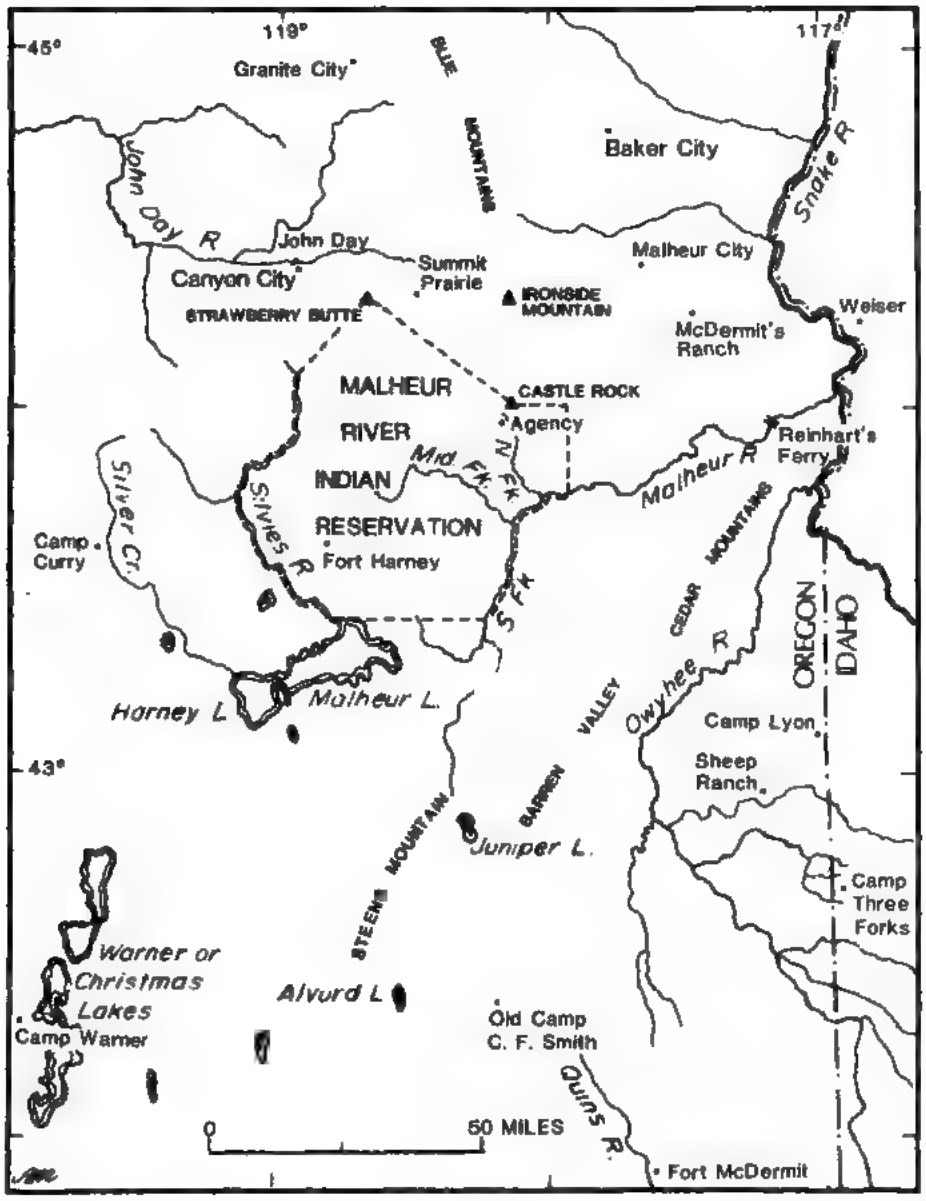
George and John alternated watch while Sarah slept with her saddle for a pillow. Her horse, tied to her arm, kept waking her but there were no trees to which to stake mounts in the wasteland.

At daybreak, Sarah mounted and hurried on as both the animals and their riders were almost dead for water. Heading for Jim Crowley's ranch in Barren Valley at a hard gallop, they discovered on arrival that the house had been burned to the ground.

Chickens were still running around in the yard, and John suggested they catch one for breakfast, but Sarah insisted it would not be right. She drew water from the well for their coffee and found a burned-out tin can in which to make it, while the two men watered the horses.

They rode hard all day over alkali flats and tumbled lava rocks following the trail through country that was destitute of wood, water and grass. It was at least sixty miles to any white habitation, and when Sarah spotted a discarded clock on the trail, she knew that the Bannocks must still be ahead.

They soon found a fiddle without a



Malheur Reservation and vicinity in Oregon.

bow, which Sarah tied onto her saddle. Later that same day they spotted a mountain sheep which John had the luck to kill. They were happy to take some of the meat, but in the excitement of the hunt, Sarah had lost her fiddle.

Five miles farther they noticed two figures on a hillside. Sarah took her handkerchief and waved, and as the riders drew nearer, there was a call from the mountainside: "Who are you?"

"Your sister, Sarah!" Sarah replied. She had recognized Lee Winnemucca, who ran down the mountain and joined them. He told them:

"Oh, dear sister, you have come to save us, for we are all prisoners of the Bannocks. They have treated our father most shamefully. They have taken from us what few guns we had and our blankets and our horses. They have done this because they outnumber us....

"Here I am standing and talking to you, knowing the great danger you are in by coming here.... Take off your hat and your dress and unbraid your hair, and put this blanket around you, so if they should come down here they would not know who it is. Here is some paint. Paint your face quick. Here, men, hide your guns and take off your clothes and make yourselves look as well as you can."

ALL of this was accomplished quickly.

"Where is our father?" Sarah asked.

"We are all up over that mountain. We are but six miles from here...but you will be killed if you go there...our brother Natchez has made his escape three days ago."

Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Natchez Overton, Sarah's brother, late in life.

When Sarah heard that last piece of news, she was overjoyed. She told Lee that she had to go to their father because she had come with a message from General O. O. Howard.

Lee led the way over the rocky, steep mountainside which they had difficulty ascending. At last Sarah looked down into the hostile stronghold and was overcome with the sight. There were about 327 lodges below, and 450 warriors were in Little Valley, catching and killing cattle that they had herded before them in their plunder through the countryside. As a civilized Indian woman, Sarah thought it was a beautiful but terrifying sight. She asked:

"Brother, is our father's lodge inside the line? We must leave our horses here and go on foot."

Lee replied, "If you are discovered, how will you get out?"

"Oh, well, our horses are almost given out anyway; so, dear brother, we must trust to good luck.... Let us go quick and be back, for I have no time to lose."

They hurried down the mountain and were not distinguished from the other Paiutes by the Bannocks.

BEFORE Sarah entered her father's lodge, she waited excitedly until Lee had annouced her presence. Old Winnemucca then took her in his arms and said, "Oh, my dear little girl, and what is it? Have you come to save me yet? My little child is in great danger."

Everyone in the tent whispered, "Oh, Sadie, you have come to save us!"

Sarah told them: "Yes, I have come to save you all if you will do as I wish you to and be quiet about it. Whisper it

among yourselves. Get ready tonight, for there is no time to lose, for the soldiers are close by. I have come from them with this word: 'Leave the hostile Bannocks and come to the troops. You shall be properly fed by the troops.' Are you all here? I mean all the Malheur Reservation Indians?"

"Yes, all are here, and Oytes is the chief of them."

"Father, you tell the women to make believe they are gathering wood for the night and while they are doing that they can get away." While Sarah was yet talking, the women left one by one with ropes in their hands, with their babies on their backs and their little ones by their sides.

Lee directed the men to catch as many horses as they could after dark and drive them to Juniper Lake. Winnemucca gave similar orders to his nephews, George, Jim and James. Now that it was night, they all left the tent. Sarah felt as if she was in a dream. She could not get along, and her father had to help her. When a horse came running, they all fell to the ground. When it stopped nearby, the rider called softly for Chief Winnemucca.

It was Lee's wife, Mattie, with a horse for them which Sarah was very thankful to mount. They hurried back up the mountain to where they had left their horses and, upon finding them, rushed down again toward Juniper Lake, where the women were cooking the meat of the mountain sheep that had been killed earlier. After eating quickly, they hurried on their way. Children were tied to their mothers' backs so that they would not fall off in their sleep.

Lee came to Sarah and told her that he was going back for more people. Jerry Long was held a close prisoner, and Egan and many of his people had not come.

Sarah replied, "Get all the people you can."

Winnemucca, Mattie, Sarah, George and John led, while six men brought up the rear and watched to see if they were pursued. At daybreak they came to Summit Springs and called a halt. They unsaddled their horses and prepared to lie down to rest. Winnemucca insisted that Sarah have something to eat. Just then came a warning alarm. Sarah and Mattie rode bareback on their horses to meet the rider, whose mount was almost falling from under him. He told them, "We are followed by the Bannocks."

Sarah told him to jump up behind her, and they hurried back to the camp with the news. The rider said that Egan and his whole band had been overtaken and forced back. He had looked back and saw Lee running. The Bannocks shot at him, and he supposed that he was killed.

Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Northern Paiute women gathering pine nuts near Lovelock, Nevada.

Winnemucca said, "If my son is killed, I will go back and be killed by them too. If we are to be killed off for what the white people have done to them, of course we cannot help ourselves."

Sarah pleaded with her father to save himself and the others with him. She told him that she was determined to return to General Howard. Her father then agreed to continue their flight and asked that she send the troops to them as fast as possible. Mattie cried out to Sarah, "Let me go with you. If my poor husband is killed, why need I stay?"

Away the two women dashed on their horses, galloping through the desolate country without water. At noon the next day they finally came to a stream called Muddy Creek, where they let their horses rest and found some white currants to eat.

Jumping their horses across the stream, they sped on toward the soldiers' camp. At three o'clock they were at the crossing of the Owyhee River, where they were given fresh horses and hard bread by the white volunteers.

Then they were off again to Sheep Ranch, whipping their mounts into a lather. Upon their arrival, Captain Bernard helped them from their horses.

Sarah was so fatigued and excited that she burst into tears and could not speak for a time. Captain Bernard, Lieutenant Charles E. S. Wood, Lieutenant John Pitcher, and General O. O. Howard received her report.

Sarah told them that Chief Winnemucca was on his way and that he wanted soldiers for protection from the Bannocks, who had forced back Chief Egan. She noted that the officers looked at each other as if she was lying; Lieutenant Pitcher winked at Lieutenant Wood. In contrast, General Howard had such confidence in her story that he changed his plan of operation.

Piute Joe was sent with the captain of the volunteers, Colonel "Rube" Robbins, and all Robbins' men to bring in Chief Winnemucca and his band. Within a few days forty of the band were found and were sent safely to Camp McDermit.

The whole round trip, from 10 o'clock on June 13 to 5:30 on June 15, in the saddle day and night over hard terrain, had been a grueling ride of 223 miles.

Sarah was justly proud of having helped her father and her people from the hostile camp, though the Paiutes who were left behind or recaptured by the Bannocks, including Egan, had lost any chance to escape. Sarah's raid of the camp had caused them to show their true colors to the Bannocks, and they were closely held prisoners through the remainder of the war, which had only just begun.

Buffalo Calf Road —

SHE FOUGHT TO SAVE

A heart-rending story of an Indian woman who

By ROSEMARY and JOSEPH AGONITO

ON the top of a rocky bluff overlooking the Rosebud River in Montana, Buffalo Calf Road reined her horse to a stop, looking at the confusion of the battle all around her. The slender, dark-haired Cheyenne woman in her mid-20s had fought all day with the warriors against the bluecoat soldiers.

Suddenly it happened. In the gap below, her brother's horse crashed head first to the ground. Comes in Sight landed on his feet and rushed forward in a zigzag run to escape the flying bullets cutting the air in every direction.

The Cheyenne and Sioux warriors watched helplessly from a distance. Already the Shoshone scouts fighting with the army had started down to kill and scalp Calf's brother.

In an instant, Buffalo Calf Road whipped her horse to a run, riding out of the trees and swooping down the rocky slope to the gap below. Bullets furiously chased her, but she kept straight for her brother. Then she turned her horse sharply, pausing for an instant while Comes in Sight grabbed her saddle with one hand and clutched the horse's neck with the other.

With her brother hanging on the side of her horse, his great warbonnet blowing in the wind and his rifle dangling from his arm, Buffalo Calf Road dashed back to the safety of the bluff. A startled Crazy Horse and others watched in admiration at the brave woman's deed. She had done what no one else had dared to do.

That night Old Crier ran through the camp calling the names of the most courageous warriors. Calf's name was among them.

At sundown, the Cheyennes and Sioux gathered before a great fire in the camps. They drummed and sang and danced until daybreak to celebrate their victory over the army. Everywhere stories of bravery were told. But the most popular was Calf's and her people told and retold the story of how she carried her brother from the battle.

Calf's relatives gave gifts in honor of her as she stood with the other warriors before the chiefs. Since her bravery was thought to be the greatest, the Cheyennes named the battle for her, calling it The Battle Where the Girl Saved Her Brother. Whites called it the Battle of the Rosebud.

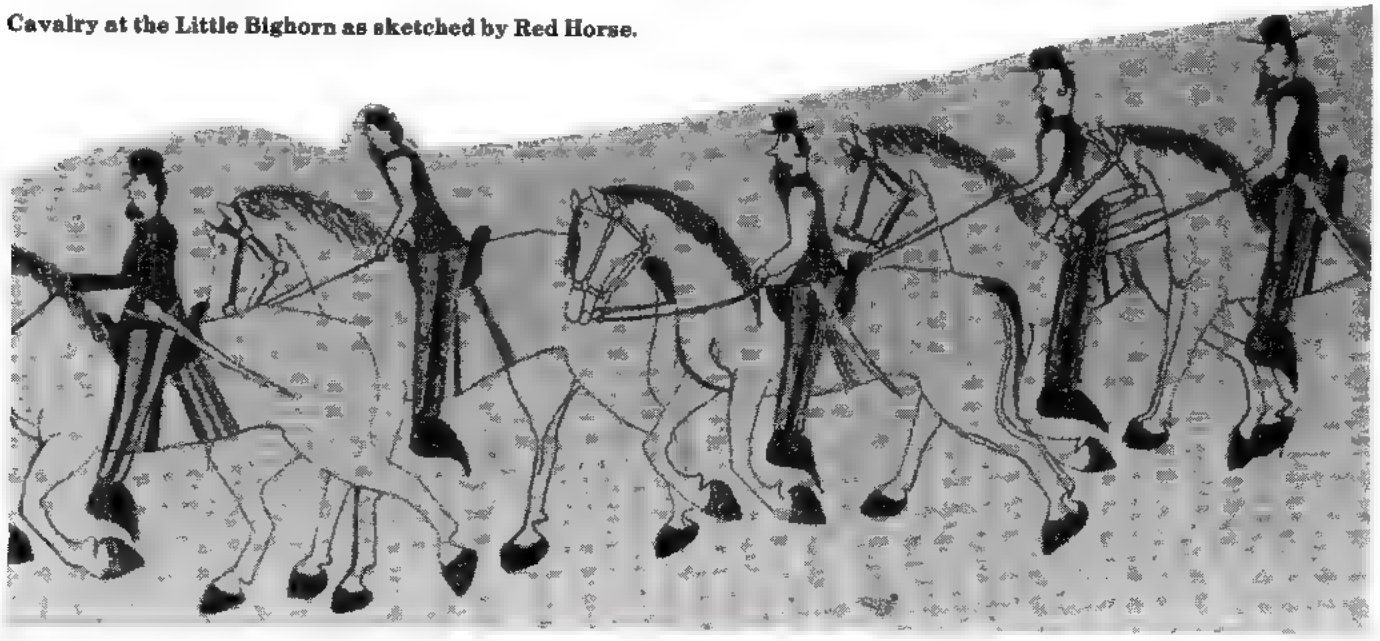
WHEN the celebrating ended, Calf returned to her lodge with her husband, Black Coyote, and her daughter, where she resumed her chores as a Cheyenne wife and mother.

But her domestic work was again interrupted, for a week later, on June 25, 1876, General George Armstrong Custer led his men against the Cheyennes and Sioux massed on the Little Bighorn River.

The men, including Black Coyote, himself a great warrior, rushed to repel the army attack against their encampment. Of the women, only Buffalo Calf Road fought at the Battle of the Little Bighorn. With her six-shooter at her side, she rode into battle, joining Gall's Sioux forces attacking Custer.

In the tortured fighting of that sum-

Cavalry at the Little Bighorn as sketched by Red Horse.



— Indian Heroine

CHEYENNE WAY OF LIFE

fought Custer at the Battle of the Little Bighorn.

mer day, Calf again distinguished herself in battle. When a young Cheyenne, full of the boldness of youth, charged too close to the soldiers, he lost his horse. Buffalo Calf Road flew to the trapped boy, took him on her horse, and dashed for the river where the women had caught some of the soldiers' horses.

Calf fought in the battle until the last of Custer's men lay dead. After the fighting, the Cheyennes remembered her deeds by giving her the honorary name Brave Woman.

Again Calf settled into the domestic routine of winter camp, hidden in the foothills of the Bighorn Mountains on a swift stream far up the Powder River. Pregnant with her second child, she kept her lodge. With the others she listened daily for the stories of the army movements. They were a hunted people and the army was the hunter.

ON Nov. 25, 1876, a bitterly cold winter day, Colonel Ranald MacKenzie led his troops and their Indian scouts against the village as it still slept. Unprepared, Calf and the others fought as best they could. In the massacre that followed, more than forty Cheyennes — women, men and children — lay dead and many more wounded, some critically.

There was nothing to do but flee. Their village was burned to the ground and in the frantic flight many froze to death, including eleven babies the first night. Buffalo Calf Road protected her unborn child and her small daughter against the cold and hunger as best she could. Like the others, she lost everything she owned.

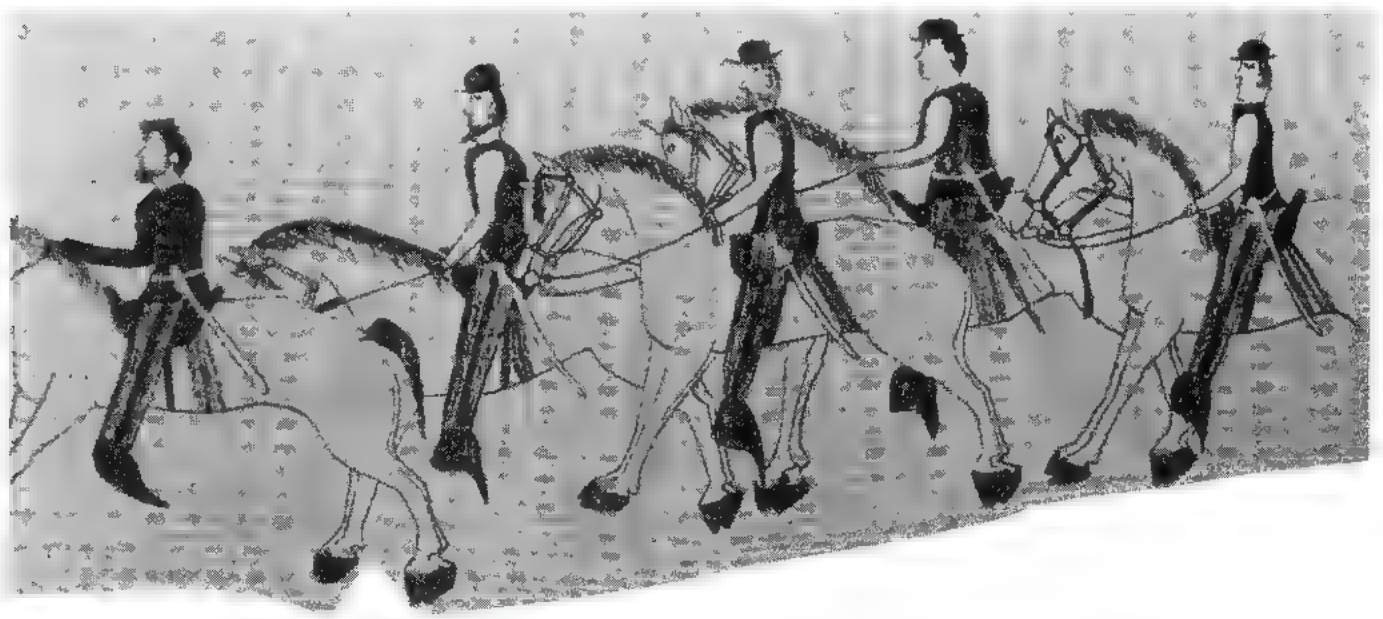
Desperate, hungry, pursued by the army, the destitute Cheyennes sought help where they could. Dissension grew within the tribe. Buffalo Calf Road, Black Coyote, and a few others wanted to stay off the reservation at all cost.

She tried to convince the others not to surrender, convinced as she was that they would be at the mercy of the whites on a reservation. Better be hungry and free, she reasoned, than to be fed and imprisoned. But most would not listen and, in the spring of 1877, all but a handful surrendered and were sent to Red Cloud Reservation.

Buffalo Calf Road, her husband and child stayed out with a small band of 34 under the warrior Last Bull, intent on living in the old way. For several weeks they struggled to survive, hunting the lean ground along the Powder and Tongue Rivers. During this desperate time Calf gave birth to a son.

By early summer Calf's band could hold out no longer. With bitter hearts, Calf and the others surrendered at Fort Robinson, only to find their people had been betrayed by false promises. Within a week, Calf found herself being forced south to Indian Territory.

CAPTIVITY in the south sat hard with Buffalo Calf Road and her people. Prevented from hunting, deprived of enough food, exposed to the diseases of whites, kept in forced idleness, many became ill and died. Again Calf cared for her family as best she could, struggling as the other women to feed the hungry mouths. After one year, Buffalo Calf Road, her husband and others determined to leave Indian Territory



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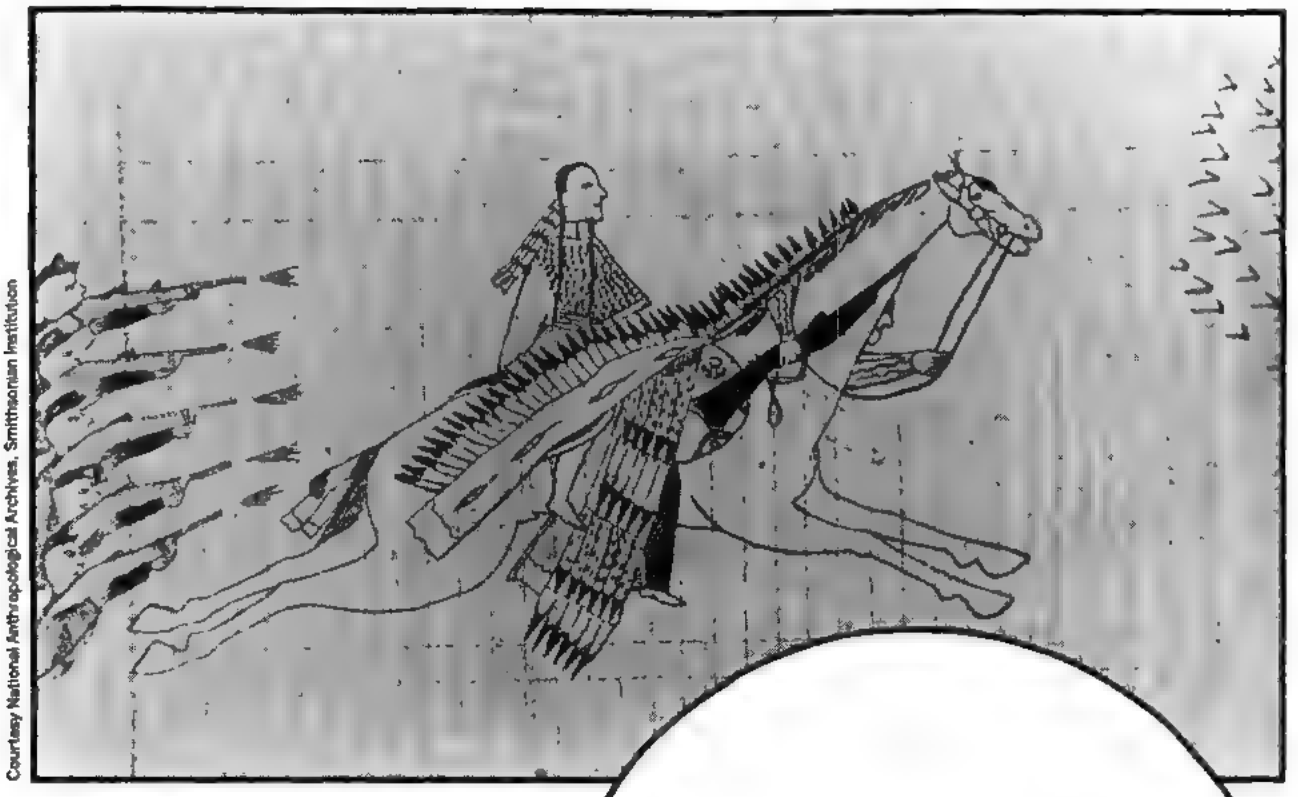
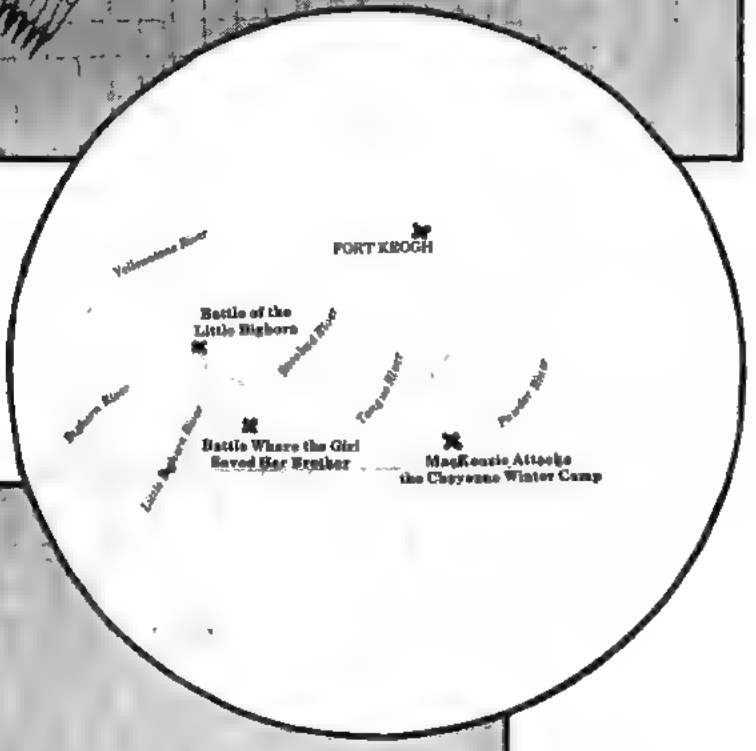


Courtesy National Anthropological Archives, Smithsonian Institution



Above: Buffalo Calf Road saving her brother, Comes-in-Sight, as sketched by Spotted Wolf. Below: Buffalo Calf Road and her brother riding into battle, as sketched by Amos Bad Heart Bull.

Courtesy University of Nebraska Press

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and return to their homeland on the Northern Plains.

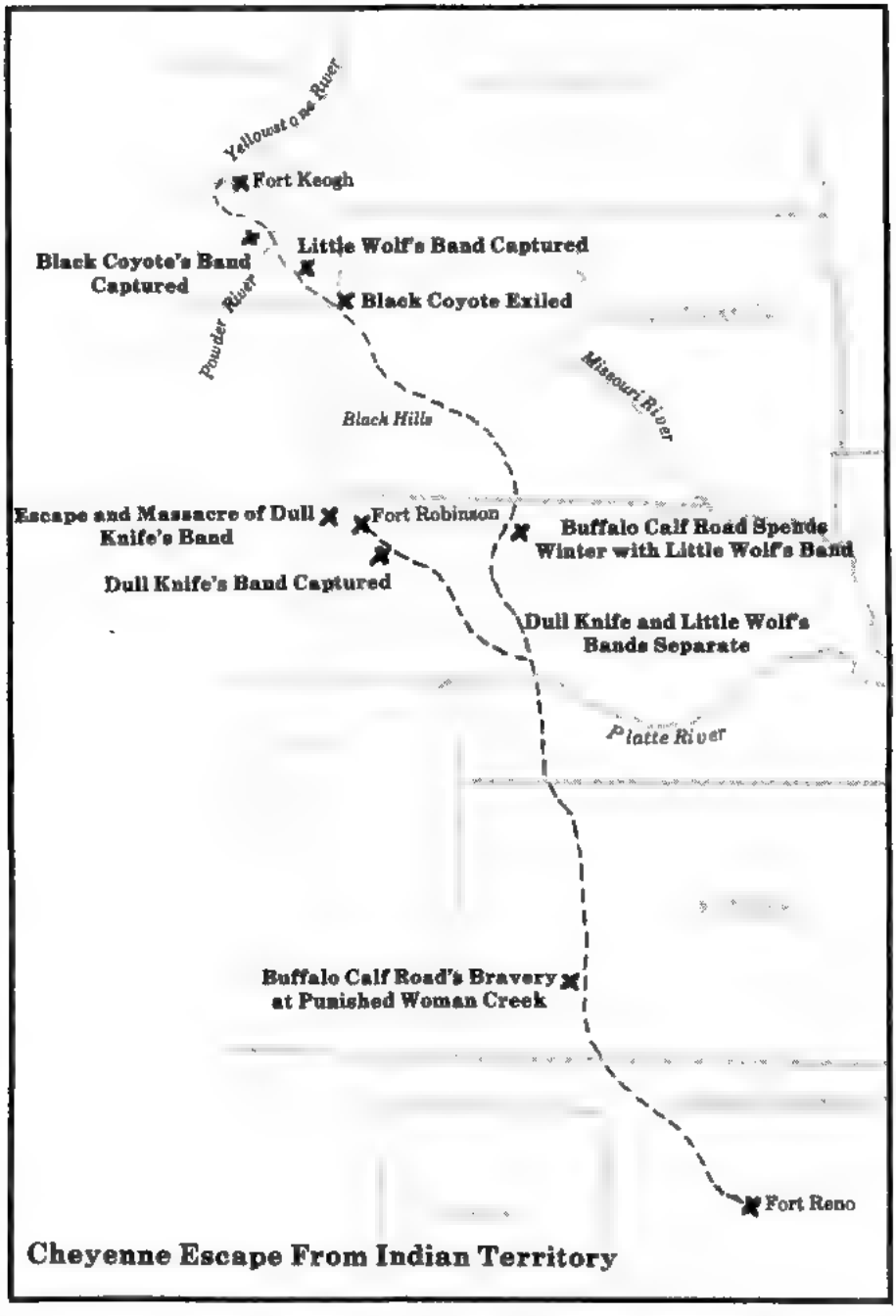
On Sept. 9, 1878, 287 Cheyennes, Buffalo Calf Road among them, fled the reservation under the cover of night, led by chiefs Little Wolf and Dull Knife. Mostly on foot, they labored northward, pursued by the army. Again Calf fought with her six-shooter leading the women and organizing them in the rifle pits. More and more women were drawn into the fighting as they found themselves outnumbered by the army.

Her most heroic moment came at Punished Woman Creek in Kansas. Pinned in the canyon by a relentless army, all seemed hopeless for the Cheyennes. Moments before a bluecoat charge, Black Coyote jumped to his feet, shouting that he would not die trapped in a hole. Clutching his rifle in front of him, he stepped forward into the line of fire.

In an instant, Buffalo Calf Road was on her feet. Rushing to the area where a woman held her baby, she strapped the infant on her back. Then she dashed forward and stood defiantly beside Coyote, her six-shooter in her hand. Four others came forward. The sight of the six brave ones filled the Cheyennes with pride.

But one of the old men shouted, "Do not waste yourselves! We must keep fighting."

So the six were finally urged back and they fought again in the pits. Eventually the soldiers fell back and the Cheyennes escaped.



Cheyenne Escape From Indian Territory

HAVING reached Nebraska, the Cheyennes fell into a disagreement in October 1878. One group under Chief Dull Knife decided to go back to Red Cloud Reservation, feeling they would be allowed to stay in the North because they had made their point.

Calf stood against this decision. The last year in captivity had confirmed her distrust of whites. She would have no part of the surrender, so she joined Chief Little Wolf's band with her husband. Saddened by the splitting of her people, Calf spent a heavy winter in hiding in the sandhills of Nebraska.

During that winter, trouble lay closer to home for Calf than the others. Black Coyote, daily more crazed with bitterness against the whites, engaged in hostile acts against them. Some thought he was endangering their hiding place.

One day Black Coyote argued with the old peacemaker, Black Crane, who struck him for disobeying the chief's orders. Black Coyote killed the old man in a rage and wounded another. Little Wolf immediately sent the Coyote into exile.

Despite cries of the old women who warned her of doom, Buffalo Calf Road chose to go with her husband. Several other relatives did the same. Soon after the exile, Little Wolf and his people were captured.

So the band of eight including Buffalo Calf Road, the last of the free Cheyennes, struggled alone for a few weeks. During this period, Calf's husband killed a soldier and wounded a second. In mid-April 1879, Calf's small band was captured and taken to Fort Keogh.

In captivity with her children, separated from her husband who was waiting trial for murder, Buffalo Calf Road languished at the fort. Shortly she fell ill with diphtheria. Despite the medicine men and the white doctor, Calf died tragically in June 1879.

The Cheyenne people mourned the death of their Brave Woman, keening their laments to the heavens as they buried her in the rocks above the Yellowstone River.

In despair on hearing the news, Black Coyote hung himself in his cell. Inseparable in life and battle, Buffalo Calf Road and Black Coyote died, symbols of the end of the fight to preserve the old nomadic way of life.

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Books

Winners, Losers, Outlaws, Saints

COWBOY RIDING COUNTRY. *By John L. Sinclair. University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131. 191 pages. $19.95.*

John L. Sinclair, the author, is familiar with every razorback peak and sugar loaf mountain in Arizona, New Mexico, West Texas, Chihuahua and Sonora. He knows the draws, the rivulets and those streams that sometimes look like dry arroyos and other times like broad rivers. He has burned his tongue on ranch coffee from El Paso to Tombstone. When he describes these places and things, you are there.

But it's the people who get Sinclair's attention. Most are historical, like Billy the Kid, John Chisum, Captain Mossman and Curly Bill. There are also many characters few people except Sinclair ever heard of. Take a fellow like Sam Butler, a capable cowboy. He had a cultured voice that sounded more English than Mississippian. But the voice could fool you, for according to Sinclair, when Sam spoke, "he meant to be understood."

John Chisum

These 191 pages provide a peek at losers and winners, outlaws, saints, sinners, heroes, the good, bad and ugly, the prosperous and the down-and-out.

The history in itself isn't academic (there are no footnotes), and Sinclair occasionally puts words into mouths, but what's said isn't important. What's important is that these personalities transcend time and space — they tell something about who we are as a people.

Today, Sinclair sees the Cowboy Riding Country as "an island in a vast sea of American progress, much of it remote from business conveniences and touch-button devices. The horseback outlaw of old, who ever flirted with the posse and hangrope, has been replaced by personalities with equal greed but less daring.

"The God-given grass, the fuel that engineered every phase of work on the ranch, space and time that was profit for the owner and livelihood of the bowlegged, sun-blistered wage earner, now has been usurped by developers who couldn't care less for any life or hard-won endeavor, or beauty or things natural and clean."

The author is an artist, descriptive and penetrating with his prose and insight. This re-examines past roots and touches tomorrow's branches.

— Leon C. Metz
El Paso, Texas

UNDERSTANDING TEXAS

SEVEN KEYS TO TEXAS. *By T. R. Fehrenbach. Texas Western Press of the University of Texas at El Paso, El Paso, TX 79958. 140 pages. $15.*

A resident of Bangor, Maine, or Sauk City, Wisconsin, might raise the question, "Why do I need to understand Texas?"

In truth, this insular thinking is predominant in Texas too. Nobody in Texas thinks they need to understand Maine or Wisconsin. But we do need to understand each other better and Texas historian T. R. Fehrenbach understands Texas better than any writer in the state.

He has a genius for teaching others. Highly readable are his 1968 *Lone Star: A History of Texas and the Texans* and this remarkable distillation of the elements that make Texas and Texans tick.

The "Seven Keys" are the people, frontier, land, economy, society, politics and "change."

The national perception of Texas is often fraught with error and misconception. The typical Texan is misunderstood, the Texas economy is misapprehended and as the author states, like the Scots, "Texans have been both admired for their qualities and despised as barbarians."

Fehrenbach's "keys" all have historical underpinnings. When he writes, for example, of the frontier, he traces the several frontiers of Texas, including the frontier with Comancheria which closed in 1881 and the important modern-day frontier with Mexico — "the only border in the world separating an industrial nation and a painfully emerging Third World society."

Of the land, Fehrenbach rightly says it "dominates, in an almost Russian sense," and the sheer size of it (265,780 square miles — larger than France) has influenced its people and the nation.

"Texans need land, *their* land," the author says, "to satisfy some deep craving in their souls, even if the land no longer quite affords empire or independence or makes a man a king."

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Fehrenbach's cogent statements about the Christian-Southern Baptist Texas society, the "root, hog, or die" nature of Texas politics, the pride, prejudice, patriotism and essential conservatism that typify Texas thinking, "the deep unarticulated sense of territoriality, peoplehood, time and place, for place and people without regard to time" — all these form a deeply philosophical, yet crystal clear theme: Texas today is a product of its "chemistry of history" and can be understood with the recognition of a few key factors born of that history.

Seven Keys to Texas is not without its faults. Texas' growing Hispanic population and not just its intellectuals and political activists, will likely take exception to Fehrenbach's view that their subculture is destined to be assimilated and that the state will remain "Anglo country." Such factual errors as dating the arrival of the railroad to El Paso in 1883 when it arrived in 1881 can be repaired in subsequent editions of the book.

And there will be several editions for *Seven Keys to Texas* is a significant work, destined to be quoted and used for years to come.

— Dale L. Walker
El Paso, Texas

FEARLESS PEOPLE

THE FIGHTING CHEYENNE. *By George Bird Grinnell. University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019. 450 pages. Soft cover.*

This reprint of a classic book, first published in 1915, deals with a fearless people almost constantly in battle with either other tribes or invading pioneers.

The Cheyennes were a tribe of warriors one soldier described as "good shots, good riders, and the best fighters the sun ever shone on." It is an extremely useful book, but not one the average reader will want to read cover to cover.

Grinnell was a writer with integrity hard to match when it came to knowing Plains Indians. He was a man of diverse talents: Author, scientist, traveler. As a naturalist, he accompanied Custer on the Black Hills expedition in 1874, and for the next several decades he visited many an Indian's teepee to conduct interviews.

From these conversations and his vast knowledge of the natives Grinnell constructed this volume, giving historians and the general public the Indian's

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viewpoint on such key Plains battles as the Battle of the Washita, the fight at Adobe Walls (1874), and the capture of Dull Knife's village.

Many of the hard-to-find but authentic details of this proud nation's days of glory and era of decline in battle are here. At first, such detail reads like an exciting war novel, but just like a novel filled with nothing but constant action, the material soon loses its sparkle and gets a bit boring.

For that reason, *The Fighting Cheyennes* is not to be read for entertainment. It will remain, however, a valuable reference, deserving the attention of any reader in need of in-depth information on the major battles of this important Plains tribe.

— Rory Steel
Kingwood, Texas

MYSTICAL WILDERNESS

THE KLAMATH KNOT. *By David Rains Wallace. Sierra Club Books, 2034 Fillmore St., San Francisco, CA 94115. 149 pages. Hardbound, $14.95.*

The author is a stylist as well as a naturalist so the prose sparkles. But this book is not for everyone and in places the book is difficult to read.

Wallace's experiences in the mountains are interesting and are brightly described. An example: "Tributary ravines contained so much blossoming azalea that the forest often smelled like a roomful of fancy women."

But while the book may be in the tradition of Thoreau and Aldo Leopold, it also is in a narrower, popular science school of John McPhee's *Basin and Range Country*.

Even when the writing is not technical, it can be cryptic. Thus: "Bears precede (in time) our perception of them." I take this to mean that a bear is a sample of creation. A living fossil.

Ostensibly, the author sets out to untangle the "knotty" problem of the jumble of peaks and ridges of Northwest California he calls the Klamath Mountains. These are part of the Siskiyous between California and Oregon. They are not just volcanic Cascades or granitic Sierra, but a mix of both with a dash of the Coast Range thrown in.

But just as Gertrude Stein's book on a single family, *The Making of Americans*, became the story of all mankind, so Wallace uses the Klamath Mountains as a staging area to explore the mythology of evolution.

The approach is philosophical, even mystical and mythological and almost religious. It is neither strictly scientific nor romantic-poetic. It may be hard going for readers who are interested only casually in the West's wilderness.

— Richard Dillon
Mill Valley, California

RELIGIOUS ARTISTS IN NEW MEXICO

SANTOS AND SAINTS, THE RELIGIOUS FOLK ART OF HISPANIC NEW MEXICO. *By Thomas J. Steele, S. J. Ancient City Press, Box 5401, Santa Fe, NM 87502. 220 pages. $9.95. Soft cover.*

CHRISTIAN IMAGES IN HISPANIC NEW MEXICO. *By William Wroth. Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, Taylor Museum, 30 W. Dale St., Colorado Springs, CO 80903. 215 pages. $20. Soft cover.*

At the turn of the century when eastern artists began settling in New Mexico, they did so primarily because of the marvelous light, the beautiful scenery and colorful Hispanic and Indian neighbors. Before long they discovered that many of their Hispanic and Indian models were artists, too.

Important among them were *santeros*, religious artists in the Hispanic communities. It is an old and honorable calling. *Santeros* have been painting and carving religious pictures, statues and altar pieces since the earliest Spanish settlers arrived from Mexico City and elsewhere in New Spain at the turn of the 16th and 17th Centuries.

Three hundred years or so later, after the railroads came into New Mexico bringing among a host of other things expensive plaster saints and religious prints, the work of the *santeros* were less and less in demand. By the time the eastern artists recognized the value of the old *santos* they were already becoming somewhat rare. The artists sometimes used them as subjects for their own paintings and wrote about them for art publications.

Among the scholars interested in *santos* are Father Thomas Steele and William Wroth. Father Steele's *Santos and Saints*, first published in 1974, has become a classic, difficult to read. Fortunately this new edition makes it available again. William Wroth's *Christian Images in Hispanic New Mexico* nicely complements the other book.

Wroth works at the Taylor Museum of Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, home of what is probably the best collection of *santos* anywhere, and he reflects current scholarly thoughts on the subject. Both books are much more than mere references. They are very readable and they provide sensitive accounts of the society which produced *santos* and *santeros*. Both have excellent glossaries of the saints, bibliographies and illustrations.

— Fern Lyon
Los Alamos, New Mexico

IRREVERENT FUN

SHADOWS OF THE INDIAN: STEREOTYPES IN AMERICAN CULTURE. *By Raymond William Stedman. University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019. 282 pages. Hardbound, $24.95.*

This book is irreverent fun. Despite its forbidding subtitle, what we get is definitely not a tedious, sociological treatise. Instead, the book is an easy piece of nonsense about the way we have seen Indians in history, novels, and movies and how this is not the way Indians are but only the way we think they are.

The book pokes fun at us for holding certain conceptions of the Indian too dear, for retaining in adulthood a part of the mischief of our adolescence.

Take, for example, Pocahontas. She was simply a nice Indian girl who by inner strength and fortunate circumstance may or may not have saved the life of the possibly hapless John Smith. She then went on to become an adored "lady." The question is, was she a real princess?

Another example is the Indian as noble savage versus savage savage. Or trusted companion versus soul-less creature; lustful brute and lusted-for male or female; subhuman and superhuman; aboriginal abomination and wistfully vanishing shadow.

The book is strong, irreverent, capricious, useful and fun. The pieties with which Stedman begins and ends are mainly for the stereotypical reader.

— Peter Eller
Albuquerque, New Mexico

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Small Talk

(continued from page 5)

a proposition — if I would furnish the paint, they would do the work. You can't beat that for a good deal. So I bought the paint and they started decorating the inside.

If I remember right, a hole appeared in the ceiling of the circulation room. With the girls' help, Elizabeth put a piece of board over the hole and propped it up with a long piece of wood that rested on a table.

My office was upstairs and I remember one morning Gloria Curd came upstairs and slammed my door slightly when she entered my office. It sounded like the whole house fell in. We opened that door and the ceiling had actually fallen in.

Then is when we got real serious about the situation. The money had been coming in pretty well and I wanted to build a two-story building, occupy the second story and rent the lower portion. We just couldn't find a spot.

As Elizabeth put it, "Joe wants beautiful scenery, water to look out across, maybe a waterfall or two and that sort of thing."

Dr. Webb told me once if I ever got in land trouble to call Jac Gubbels. Well, I called Jac. We became good friends, and he showed me some very pretty land. Somehow it just didn't seem to fit my particular purposes. I wish now that I could have afforded every piece of property he showed me at the prices they were asking in those days. I would now be wealthy!

After I had gone over what I wanted time and time again, Jac said, "I know where there is a place that you would want — but you can't have it." He explained that some powerful interests in Dallas were going to buy the place.

It was a challenge. I wanted to see this place Jac said I couldn't have. It was an old 5-acre estate with beautiful oak trees, an Olympic-sized swimming pool, a tennis court and the most beautiful scene in Texas! The old home was built in 1922 by O. O. Norwood.

About 1961 the house was converted into an office, but the former owners were in business only about six months when they closed it down. It had been vacant about two years and the weeds and beer bottles were marring the natural beauty of the place.

Two offices in the rear had large picture windows. From these one can look across Town Lake to the city of Austin.

As I mentioned, it already was converted into an office, and I couldn't believe my eyes when we opened the door and walked into one of the prettiest offices I had ever seen.

When we wondered whether we could afford it, I said that by having a happy presence of mind I could make the company bring in enough in four or five years to pay for it. I told Jac I would take that chance in 5,000 and to put in for it.

I think the happiest moment of my life came when the deal fell through with the Dallas people. Jac said the owner wanted cash and the Dallas people wanted to make a down payment and pay for it on time. The owner told Jac that Joe Small could have it if he could come up with the cash in five days.

I went to the bank. I always hated to borrow, but not now. With the cash I had saved up and what I could borrow I could make it! The place was mine.

At last we were moving out of a joint that was falling in on us into a classy building on land that looked like beautiful country wilderness within the city limits. The office force was really excited.

I took one of the offices overlooking the lake and that's where I am today. I was so excited I started calling friends and telling them the news. Some came over immediately and you can imagine my pride in showing them over the place.

We have entertained some famous people in these offices. Johnny Cash was a fan of TRUE WEST. We had been corresponding for some time. When he called that he would be in Austin, we began making plans.

I asked him if we couldn't scare up a bite of grub and he said something with the good old taste of Texas chili would be fine. Well, we phoned Mary Koock who is just about the most interesting person you ever met besides being able to put the feel of heaven into food.

What a party it was! The Statler Brothers showed up; Carl Perkins came and sang "My Blue Suede Shoes" and most of the Carter family was there too. We just love those folks and you would too.

They liked to prowl around and view the original paintings and drawings that are hanging all over this office. Once I caught the Statler Brothers in my junk room where I kept choice pieces of Western Americana and I liked to never have got them out of that place.

Johnny and I got to talking about a TRUE WEST album. He made it and the critics said it was his most creative work. But we should have touted this album day and night. We did some promotion but I can see plainly that it was not enough. Everyone should have the album. I'm sure it's a good collector's item. The album was a two-record set and was released about 1966.

Johnny's following comments, in part, appear on this record:

Four years ago, Columbia Records album producer Don Law said to me, "John, think about making an album of western songs." I thought about it, and Don knew I would attempt it when I was ready. Later, as a guest in my house, he brought me two books on western lore. But nothing was mentioned about a western album. Instead, we talked about fishing.

Reading the books Don Law left me, I became fascinated by true tales of the West. I bought up every issue of TRUE WEST, a successful magazine published in Texas and sold coast to coast. (Later I learned that the magazine is read and swapped around by servicemen overseas, and that some early issues are worth up to ten dollars a piece.)

Then, while I was making a personal appearance in Austin, Texas, Joe Austell Small, publisher of Western Publications, said to me, "John Cash, you'd be a good feller to ride the river with." He invited me to his offices where he publishes TRUE WEST, Frontier Times and Old West. I saw his Remington and Russell paintings, and later, over a Mexican-style buffet, we got excited about the record album I was planning called THE TRUE WEST. Joe Small rode the river with me, and we became the best of friends. I hope we still are after he hears it; he sweated blood along with me to help me make it.

A few months ago, Don Law called me. "Johnny, old boy, aren't we about ready to do that western album?" I was afraid he'd ask that. I said, "Yes," then locked myself in my room full of books and took out pen and paper to begin sketching plans for the songs and stories that would go into THE TRUE WEST.

I should be able to finish this story of TRUE WEST in the next issue. — Hosstail.

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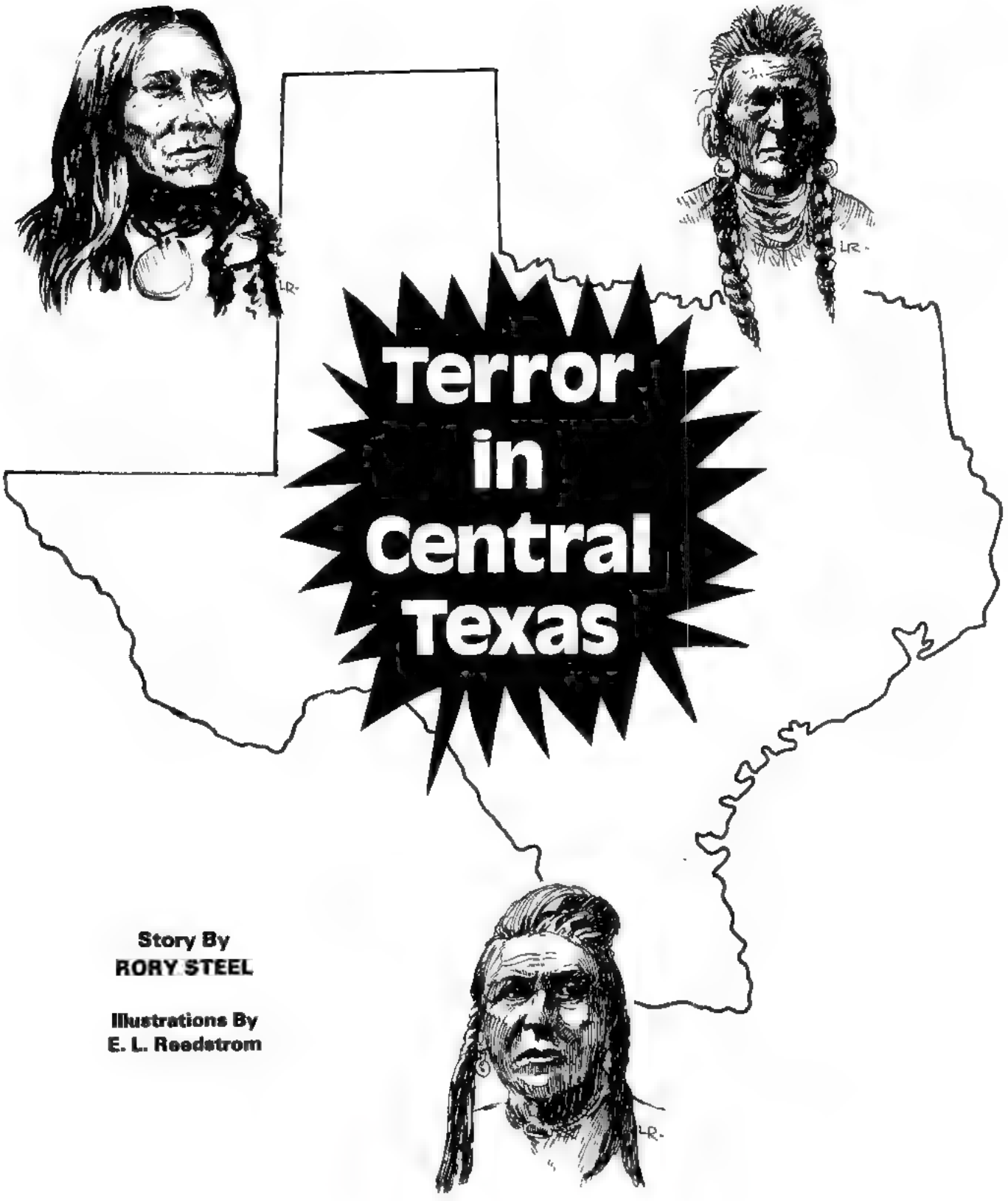

Terror in Central Texas

Story By
RORY STEEL

Illustrations By
E. L. Reedstrom

THE angry war cries, the hissing of deadly arrows, the wail of captured women and children and the hideous screams of men loosing their scalps.

These were the sounds that all too often shattered the stillness of the day in the frontier communities of central Texas in the 1850s.

Such sounds rent the air in March of 1859, when an estimated 15 to 40 Indians overtook the Riggs family, killed John Riggs and his wife and scalped them and carried off their two little girls. They left the toddler boy unhurt although he was reportedly "crawling around on the ground in the blood of his father and mother."

There are conflicting reports as to where this happened. One pioneer, J. M. Franks, in his memoir "Seventy Years in Texas," says, "I have seen an old pile of rocks where the chimney of the (Riggs) house stood, and I know that it was in Coryell (County), not far from the line of Bell (County)."

Most reports, however, say the incident took place in Bell County. One account places it on Cow House Creek, near Sugar Loaf Mountain about 20 miles from Belton, Texas.

Rhoda, the youngest of the two captured daughters, wrote a letter to historian J. W. Wilbarger in 1886, detailing the incident. The girl must have been psychologically scared after seeing her parents scalped and mutilated, but here is how she remembers the dreadful day:

"After murdering and scalping my poor father and mother and leaving little brother crawling about in the blood, the Indians placed sister (her name was Margaret) and myself behind them on the horses and carried us back to the house, which they plundered; carried the beds out of the house and emptied the feathers out and wrapped the ticks around them, dancing and making sport with them. They then started with sister and myself, carrying us behind them on horseback, when they came upon a bunch of horses; they rounded them under a tree and snared some of them and went on until noon. When they stopped to eat dinner they separated into two squads, keeping sister in one and me in the other.

"I went to where sister was, but they would not let me stay. After they had feasted upon the victuals which they had taken from our home they started on without giving us anything to eat. They would change me from one to another occasionally. And they traveled on with us until about the middle of the afternoon, when they came upon a man and ran him on horseback until they caught and killed him, shooting him with arrows.

"I can remember seeing him bathed in blood and hearing his piteous groans but they did not tarry long with him, and going on some distance, came in sight of some cow hunters, as I afterwards learned, which surprised and excited them and caused them to ride very fast, and I fell when they went to change me from one to another, which, with the ride together, hurt me so that it was some time before I could walk, and sister seeing this jumped off from behind the Indian that carried her and he held on to her until he passed near a stump, which she caught hold of and freed herself from his savage grasp.

"After she recovered sufficiently (from the fall) she came to where I was. She being about four years older than I was, she would carry me all she could and we started back in the direction we came and I would walk all I could," Rhoda remembered.

"About dark we reached an old house where there was no one living. We went in the house and remained there all night. The night being very cold, sister pulled off her dress and wrapped me up and nursed me all night. Next morning we started and taking a road which led to a house, which we reached pretty soon, but the people were all gone, being in fort from the Indians. However, we went in the yard and stayed a while, when a man came riding up, which frightened us, and we went round the house from him, when he came up to the house and hallooed. We went to see him and found out that it was a white man; then we went to him and related what had happened and he put us on his horse and taking us to the next house, which was the house of Captain Damern, where we stayed until our friends came after us."

J. M. Franks' account of this incident says a boy named Dave Elms was in the area when the girls were kidnapped. He was captured but managed to escape.

"The Indian that was left to guard the boy Dave became deeply interested in the tragedy just then being enacted, and, when his whole attention was fixed on the slaughter of the Riggs, the little boy got away."

Terrorized homesteaders confronting Indians — graphically portrayed in this painting by W. H. D. Koerner.

Why did such a slaughter happen?

George Bernard Erath, a congressman and Texas state legislator during this period, remembers that one of the most important subjects discussed in the 1888 legislature was the protection of the frontier.

"The half-civilized Indians, together with four or five other tribes of a wilder nature, had been drawn together by the federal government on the Brazos Reserve. These Indians remained friendly and were progressing rapidly in civilization and in the practice of agriculture.

"Only a small portion of the Comanches could be induced to go on a reservation, located on the Clear Fork

Top left, J. M. Franks recalled a Comanche raid in central Texas in his book, *Seventy Years in Texas*, 1924. Middle photo is of George Bernard Erath, a Texas state legislator, who recalled that the legislature wrestled with how to protect the frontier. His book, *Memoirs of George Bernard Erath*, was published in 1923. Both photos courtesy the Texas Collection at Baylor University. Below is a typical Comanche camp of the period. For many years the Comanches, moving in these light camps, terrorized central Texas.

Courtesy of Baker Texas History Center, Austin

sixty miles west of the Brazos Reserve. The rest moved north of Red River and sent small thieving parties hundreds of miles through settled country far down into Texas. In my district they came as far south as Bell County.

"They desired no fight, but would kill any lone man or a family taken unaware. Their object was to drive off horses; many of these were left dead from exhaustion along their way back before getting beyond the settlements," the lawmaker said.

"Their raids were sometimes six months apart, but occurred simultaneously over the country by different bands."

Franks, in his memoirs published in 1924, recalled, "There had been no trouble from the Indians for some time and the settlers had become a little careless.

"One morning my brother-in-law had ridden out on a mule called Old Jack, I think he was hunting oxen. Some time after he had started off, sister and I had taken the buckets and gone to the river to get water and were picking up shells. Sister had stooped down to fill her bucket, when a big buck deer jumped in the river right by her; when the deer turned to run off we could hear horses running just on top of the hill, but never saw them.

"There was an old man by the name of Hull living about one-half mile from the river and we could hear his dogs barking, but we never knew until that evening that they were barking at Indians.

"When my brother-in-law got in he told us that he had seen the Indians driving horses and had tried to get them, but as he was riding a mule they out-rode him, but he never knew they were Indians — thought they were some white men driving horses, until he got to old man Hull's and the old man told him some Indians had passed there driving horses and shot a colt and had left it out there.

"When he heard that he turned and, oh, how he rode Old Jack home. We had all just missed being scalped that day. I guess if they had seen sister and me that I would have been taken captive and sister scalped, for we were within a hundred yards of them, but the brush kept them from seeing us.

"These Indians went north up the divide of the Leon and the Coryell and Neals Creek Mountain and up near the Twin Mountain or, I think, not far from the little town of Lanham.

"They ran on to the old man Renfro and son, killed and scalped young Renfro and shot the old man, but he got into the brush in the mountain. The young man was found a few days later by a searching party, but they never found the old man then. He had gotten up in the mountain and they could not trail him.

"In about twelve or fourteen months some hunters found his bones up in the mountains. He had gone off in the wrong direction from home. No one will ever know what the poor old man suffered before he died for want of water and the wound he had received from the Indians."

Trails Grown Dim

Third Cousin of Jesse James

I am a shirt-tail relative of Jesse James. My grandmother's name was Adeline James, and Jesse and Frank were her cousins.

I have no family information to trace because my maternal grandmother died before I was born and my mother passed away when I was a teenager. My only uncle died three months prior to my mother.

When I was young, my mother used to tell me I was a third cousin to the James gang but gave no other information about it. I think it all died with her and my uncle for my father doesn't know any more than I do.

If anyone could give information on names of near or present James descendants, I would be grateful. All I know is that my grandmother married a wealthy man by the name of Ady and lived in Minnesota. — **Mrs. Darlene Ambrose, Box 344, Spirit Lake, IL 83869.**

Linsday

I would like to hear from John Linsday or from his family. His father was a cowboy on the old "Shade" ranch between Littlefield and Hale Center, Texas, in the late 1800s.

John and I took several trips afoot and on freight trains in the late 1920s and 1930s. We made the boomtown of Wink, Texas when the streets were not named, drinking and gambling were open and there was only one lawman.

Some of John's brothers were "A-T," Barney and Morrow. Elva was his sister. They moved to Uvalde, Texas after I came to California. — **Carl L. Roberson, 405 S. Rose St., Anaheim, CA 92805**

Van Arsdale-Weaver-Youngs Isaman-Richey

Mary Van Arsdale/Orsdale's first husband's last name was Hilliard/Hillyard. There were two daughters, Mary and Ida.

Her second husband was William Weaver. There were seven children of this marriage. Milo, one of the children, was born in Michigan in 1860. He married Carrie, daughter of George and Sarah (Youngs) Isaman/Eisaman. Milo and Carrie lived in Wayne County, Ohio.

On April 1, 1884, a daughter, Gertrude, was born. She had two brothers, Lloyd and Leroy.

Gertrude married Jay A. Witter. After the death of her husband, she married Olen D. Richey/Richie, born in McClean County, Pennsylvania, Aug. 27, 1881. — **Donald H. Juilfs, 105 W. Treehaven Dr., Lincoln, NE 68521.**

Mills-Harrington

My great-grandfather, Samuel Ellsworth Mills I, was a logger at Cole Lake, Minnesota, near Parkers Prairie. He and his family, except for his oldest son, left Cole Lake about 1894 or 1895 and moved to the state of Washington. He had sons Samuel Ellsworth II, John, Keith and possibly one more son and two daughters.

Samuel II was born in Iowa in 1865. He left Cole Lake prior to 1894 to become a policeman in Minneapolis. He was married to Mertie Allen.

Mertie's maiden name was Harrington. Samuel II and Mertie had three children: Ellsworth, Fay Lester and Capitola. — **Mary Mills Farris, Box 1552, Vallejo, CA 94590.**

Simpson-Shaw-Williams-Clemons

Last spring I inherited my grandfather Tom Simpson's photo album. In it are some pictures of Indians taken in Perma, Montana, in 1910.

Some of the names under the pictures are Chief Michel, age 80 years; Johnny Deadhorse; Terese and Susy Vanderburg. My relatives in that area at that time were Bess Shaw, Grandfather Simpson, his sister, Bess Williams, and her husband, Stan Williams.

Another member of my family, Arrora Clemons, settled in the Great Falls, Montana, area in the late 1800s. — **Joyce Morrell, Rt. 1, Box 758A, Astoria, OR 97103.**

Garcia-Humphrey

Nellie Garcia from Brownsville, Texas married Edward S. Humphrey from New Brunswick, New Jersey, date unknown. They had three children: Eva, Nellie (born in 1917) and John (born in 1919).

Nellie Garcia's father was Manual Garcia; her mother was Ramona. What was Ramona's maiden name? — **Hurleen Maffett, 8558 Parker Ln., Ventura, CA 93004.**

Booher-Hardman-Greiner

My grandfather, William W. Booher, born in 1853 or 1854, was married in Bedford, Pennsylvania on March 23, 1893, to Bertha Hardman, born in 1872 or 1873.

Their children were Calton Bretz, Cora, and my father, William Bernard.

In the early 1900s, my grandfather was killed in a train wreck in either northern West Virginia, Virginia or Maryland. He worked for the railroad shop in Bedford as a carpenter and bridge builder.

My father married Helen Greiner on Feb. 14, 1917, in Dakota City, Nebraska. He died in Correctionville, Iowa, on Sept. 6, 1927. — **Louise H. Booher Schultz, 535 N. Valley Dr., Apache Junction, AZ 85220.**

Norman

I am trying to locate information, especially photos, on my father, Fayette Norman, nicknamed "Fay."

He was 90 years old when he died at home in Rivers Junction, Jackson County, Michigan. He served in World War I, 1918, Fort Bliss, Texas and along the Mexican border as

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. Please type or print your query and limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

LICENSED TO [illegible]
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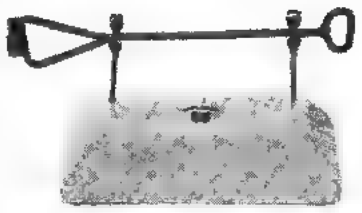
a corporal in the cavalry. Later he worked on several ranches in the Texas-Oklahoma area.

Fay talked very little of his cowboy days and ranch work. I will pay for all photos of him. — **Irene Sargent Bradshaw, 74 Burr St., Battle Creek, MI 49015.**

Fish-Mills-Fitzgerald

I am seeking information on Daniel Fish, born Jan. 3, 1773; he was married on Mar. 21, 1793, to Ann Mills, born June 2, 1777. Who were their parents and what was the date of Daniel's death?

Nancy Fish, daughter of Daniel and Ann Mills Fish, was born Jan. 19, 1803, died Feb. 18, 1834, and was married June 15, 1820, to John Fitzgerald who was born in 1799. He died on June 11, 1875. They lived in Lockport, New York. Where was John born and who were his parents? — **Marvin Manwarring, 3409 Eddy St., Amarillo, TX 79109.**



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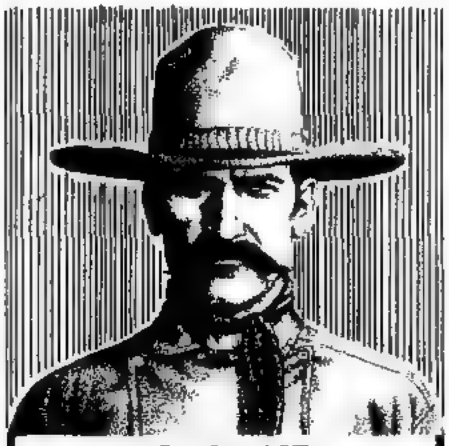

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Parson-Gates

I am looking for descendants of Emiline "Emily" Gates Parson, born about 1837. She was the daughter of John Gates.

Emiline Gates married Davis Parson in Hopkins County, Texas, in 1852 and had one child, a boy named Thomas V. Parson. Did Emiline and Davis have more children? When and where did Emiline die? — **Mrs. Vernon W. Hill, Rt. 2, Box 1508, Poteet, TX 78065.**

Forbes-Ross

I am trying to locate my distant cousins of the Forbes family, descendants of Delia Fletcher Forbes and his wife, Carry Ann Ross. They were married in 1848 in Cooper County, Missouri. Both were of Indian descent.

Between 1870 and 1880, the family migrated to Oklahoma and Texas, some of them working along the T and P railway line between Colorado City, Colorado, and Fort Worth, Texas.

I'm also trying to find descendants of Margret Forbes who lived in Phoenix, Arizona, in 1900. — **Jack D. Forbes, 1203 Colby Dr., Davis, CA 95616.**

Burt-Erskine

Marshal Andrew H. Burt was born in Dunfermline, Scotland in 1828. My great-grandmother, Helen Burt Erskine, was born there also in 1829.

I would like to know if they were brother and sister. Marshal Burt was killed in the line of duty in August of 1883. — **Christine Erskine Ulrich, 150 Leger Rd., No Huntingdon, PA 15642.**

Stewart-Gentry

I need information about my grandfather, James Lewis Stewart, nicknamed Jim. He had one brother, Bob Stewart.

J. L. Stewart was married to Ora Ethel Gentry. They were separated when my father, J. L. Stewart Jr., was one year old. — **Mrs. Shirley R. Whitaker, 223 Rio Visto St., Junction, TX 76849.**

Dixon-Knight-Jenkins-Brown

I am looking for information on Fred Alford Dixon, born in Kentucky probably in the 1850s or 1860s. He later lived in Arkansas.

He married Mary Frances Knight and they had ten children. Mary died in childbirth, and Fred remarried and moved to Oklahoma where he died in Okema.

Who were Fred and Mary's parents?

I would also like information on Marion Luther Jenkins, born in Marionvill, Alabama, in 1862. He went to Texas and married Samantha Jane Brown. They had eight children.

Marion died in 1938 in Sherman, Texas. Samantha died there in 1946. All of these people were my grandparents. — **Loyd Dixon, 729 Cliffside Ln., Sedro Woolley, WA 98284.**

Answer Man

(continued from page 33)

law-lawman John King Fisher wore a swivel gun.

As for shooting from the hip, the idea comes more from western movies than historical reality. An old-time gunman wanted every advantage over his adversary. Bat Masterson wrote that courage, proficiency and deliberation were vital for a man with a gun. But he stressed that deliberation was of prime importance. This seems to discount fancy shooting from the hip.

A "Buscadero" Belt. James Brookfield, Box 424, Jasper, TX 75951, asks about the origins of the "buscadero" belt and whether Sam Myres invented it.

The term comes from the Spanish verb *buscar*, to search. A searcher-lawman would naturally be called a "buscadero" on the Texas-Mexico border. The famed Texas Ranger John R. Hughes is credited with the idea and leather wizard Sam Myres perfected his idea. It was simply a gunbelt four to six inches wide with a slotted flap on opposite sides. Through the slot the holster flap could be passed. When buckled on, both holsters would fall naturally in place at each side.

— Chuck Parsons

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, TRUE WEST, Iola, WI 54990. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to publish all questions.

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FORGOTTEN FRONTIER FOOD

Part 1

By BARBARA BLACKBURN

WHATEVER happened to sarsaparilla, gruel, farmer's cheese, pease porridge, Christmas goose, blackbirds dressed for the frying pan, pieplant preserves, switchel and frizzled beef?

These and many other pioneer foods are an endangered species or in fact are extinct. Some have changed with the times and are still around. Let's look at these forgotten foods, the ones great-grandma used to make. This is part one of a four-part series.

* * *

Breakfasts of a century ago had to be nutritious because of the calories consumed by hard laboring people. In good times and for those who had the where-with-all, there was meat and pie, eggs and sausage, mush and syrup, coffee and bacon.

In times of crop failure and when the cupboard was bare, there was mush, gruel or porridge, which are variations of hot cereal.

Gruel has more liquid than today's hot cereal and is strained through a sieve. It can be flavored with sugar, honey, butter, syrup, lemon peel or even wine. It can be eaten plain or with milk.

Our European ancestors brought the idea of gruel with them. It had been a staple food for centuries before the introduction of the potato. In Scandinavia, it was the mainstay of rural people until canned foods were available.

Porridge is a thicker version of gruel. Today it is made with oatmeal. But our ancestors made porridge by boiling grains with vegetables, sometimes meat, with water and milk added to make a thickened soup which was eaten with a spoon. Barley was a favorite grain used.

Remember the rhyme, "Pease porridge hot, pease porridge cold; pease porridge in the pot nine days old?"

In Laura Ingalls Wilder's books, bean porridge is served for supper. Scottish immigrants brought with them a habit of eating porridge. Robert Burns called it "the chief of Scotia's food."

The Scots had an unusual way of eating porridge: Each person had a wooden porringer from which he took a spoonful and dipped it into a separate bowl of cream, milk or buttermilk. The common bowls were dipped into by all, without thought of germs.

How many of us prepare old-fashioned oatmeal today? Now we have individual packets of instant oatmeal. But in the old days, it took 20 minutes of stirring over a stove or fireplace to cook oatmeal.

Messrs. Kellog and Post can take the blame for the decline of hot breakfast cereal.

As Europeans moved inland in America they discovered from the Indians that corn made better mush than oats. In some parts of the country, cornmeal mush was known as "samp."

Mush was usually sweetened by molasses. Molasses was the prime sweetener for most Americans until after the Civil War, although in some areas maple syrup, sugar, honey and sorghum were used. Sorghum is a product from a grain that looks like corn. In some areas of the country, in the South and in the border states, molasses was used as the primary sweetener well into the 20th Century.

Blackstrap molasses is now a cattle food and industrial product. To buy it today you often have to go to a health food store, but years ago many poor southern families depended on blackstrap as their only sweetener.

Author Barbara Blackburn with samples of pease porridge and homemade bread.

Molasses was more than just a food, it was a medicine. A spring tonic mix of sulphur and molasses was a must for every household — to purify the blood and revive the system after winter's starchy diet.

This brings up other thirst-quenchers of the Old West. One popular drink was sarsaparilla. It was made from the roots of the bramble vine. It can be used as a tonic or as flavoring, as an extract or as a carbonated drink.

Sarsaparilla was probably the most popular non-alcoholic frontier drink, but root beer, sometimes called "small beer," was also popular. Root beer could have little alcohol or it could go up to ten percent.

Root beer was made from plants growing in the woods such as spruce, birch, sassafras and sarsaparilla. Molasses gave root beer its coloring.

On a hot day on the prairie, a farmer might quench his thirst with switchel, a beverage made of molasses, water, ginger and vinegar. A bit of rum could be added. Switchel was the haymakers' drink.

Sassafras, used in root beer, is also used in gumbos. Gumbo, a native American dish, is most popular in the Creole areas of the South. It was much more popular elsewhere in frontier days.

Gumbo, a good example of what can be done with simple ingredients, is a well-seasoned dish made with seafood, poultry, meat, vegetables, always okra and thickened with file powder.

File powder is a specialty item today. The unicorn plant, found in abundance between the Ohio Valley and the Southwest, is a suitable substitute for file powder and okra.

RECIPES

PEASE PORRIDGE

6 C water
1 lb. dry, green split peas
¼ lb. salt pork
1 C chopped onion
½ t marjoram
½ t pepper
2 T butter
1 C sorrel and/or spinach
1 t dried mint leaves

In a Dutch oven or similar vessel, put water, washed peas, salt pork, onion, marjoram and pepper. Bring to a boil and then cover and simmer for about an hour until the peas are almost tender.

Discard the pork and save for chopping into bits for fried croutons for the porridge. Mash peas or leave them as they are. Add the other chopped greens and mint and simmer for about 15 minutes. In the meantime, fry the salt pork until crisp or put it in a hot oven.

Top the porridge with bits of butter and pork. Makes about six to eight servings.

BEEF GUMBO

In a skillet, melt 2 T butter. Add and saute a soup bone with meat (about three pounds) until golden brown.

Pour in 2 to 3 quarts of water and simmer with the following for two hours:

¼ C chopped celery
¼ C minced parsley
¼ C chopped onion
¼ t paprika

Strain, cool and skim the stock. Melt 2 T butter. Add and saute for three minutes:

½ C chopped onion
1 C sliced okra or unicorn plant pods

Add and simmer for an hour longer:

Meat removed from bone and chopped
2 ½ C chopped tomatoes
1 T sugar
Soup stock, but save ½ cup

Combine 1 T file powder with the stock saved. Add to simmering soup and stir until combined. Makes about ten cups. File powder is not necessary.

SEND YOUR RECIPES

TRUE WEST will pay $5 for each original recipe published. The $5 pays for one-time rights to publish the recipe. Recipes should be kept short and should be typewritten. Of special interest are old family recipes dating from the Old West period (1830 to 1910). If ingredients are no longer available, list original ingredient and a modern alternative. Barbara Blackburn, TRUE WEST cookery specialist, will judge recipes on interest, preparation ease, originality and how well they are related to the Old West. Do not submit more than two or three recipes. Send to Barbara Blackburn, TRUE WEST, Iola, WI 54990. Recipe copies cannot be returned.

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William Cary

ARTIST–ADVENTURER

in the Wild West

By MILDRED LADNER
Photos Courtesy Gilcrease Institute of History and Art

THE stranded passengers hovered in the safety of a cottonwood grove as they watched their steamer, the *Chippewa*, drift out into the middle of the Missouri River.

When the boat reached the mainstream, about 20 minutes after the passengers had disembarked, there was a tremendous explosion which could be heard for miles. The passengers watched in dismay as their trunks and gear floated down the river — "A choice saddle, a bundle of good, heavy blankets, and some strong, serviceable clothing."

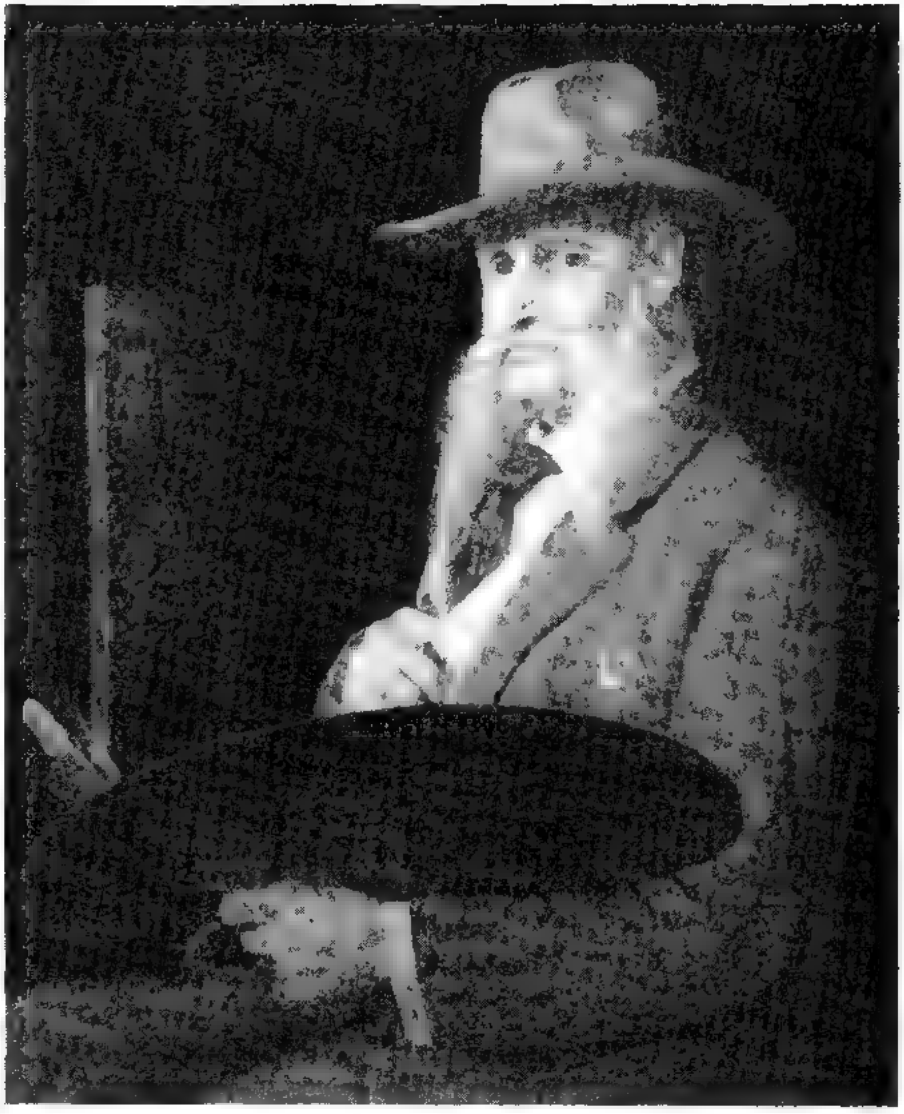
For artist-adventurer William de la Montagne Cary, the loss was devastating. Gone were some 80 sketches he had made in painstaking detail which he planned to turn into finished oil paintings upon his return to New York.

Such was just one episode in a madcap expedition up the wild Missouri River taken by 19th Century artist Cary in 1861, just before the railroad began to tame the Northwest.

Taking part in this three-man expedition were the artist, who was not yet 21, and two comrades, W. H. Schieffelin and Emlen Lawrence. Schieffelin was the oldest, in his mid-20s, and was thus the acknowledged leader. He returned to New York after this adventure and a stint as a Union army officer in the Civil War and transformed his family's wholesale drug business into a nationally known firm.

Cary became a prominent illustrator and documentary painter. The bulk of his work now hangs in the Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art Museum in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

How the three young men knew each other is unknown. Schieffelin and Lawrence were distant cousins; it can be presumed they knew each other through family connections.

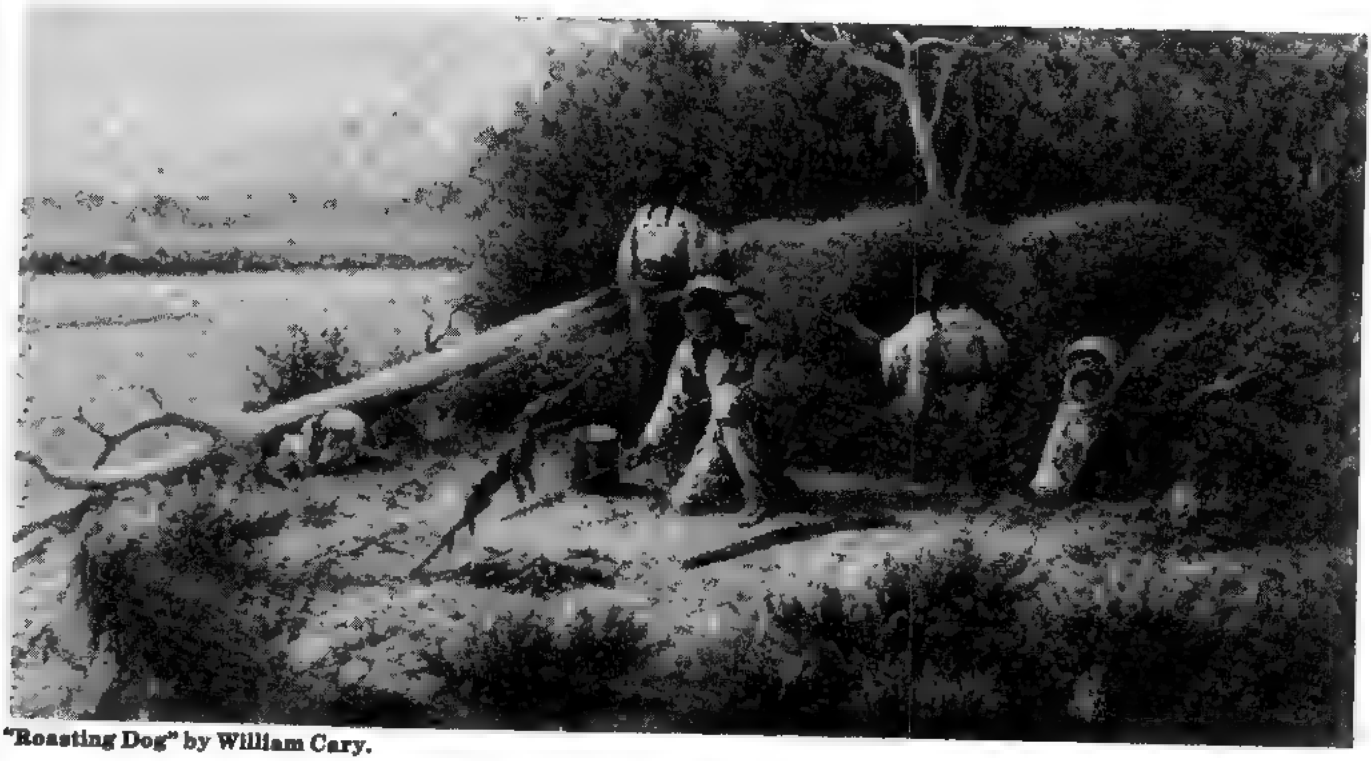


"Portrait of William Cary" painted by Robert Hamilton.

The less affluent Cary had been apprenticed at an early age. He worked as an engraver for Currier and Ives and carved some of the stone in Central Park. While still in his early teens he sold some of his drawings to British magazines such as Aldine's.

By April of 1861, they set out for St. Louis, armed with hunting outfits, blankets, bridles, camping equipment and clothing suitable for sudden changes in temperature on the windswept northern plains.

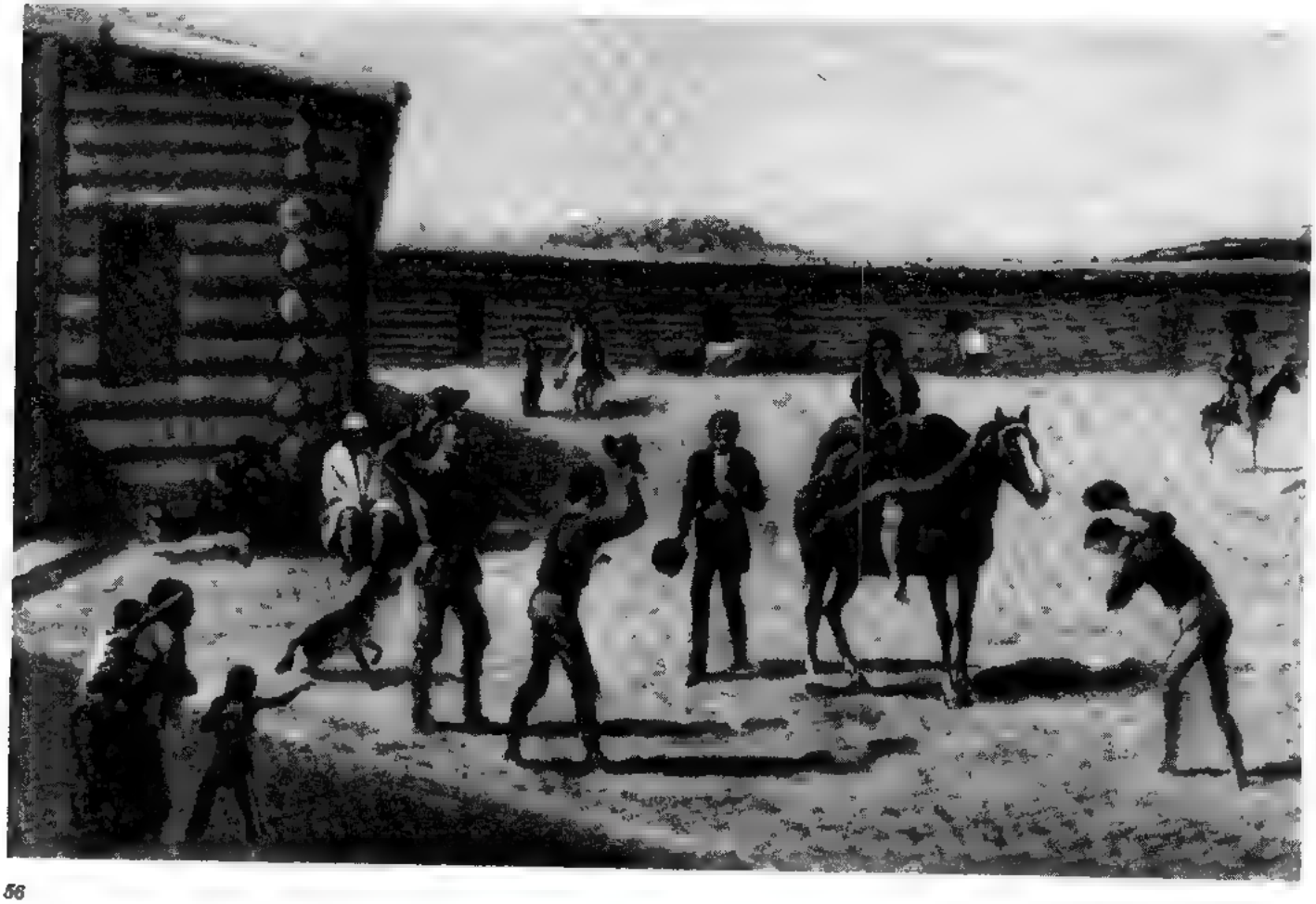
In St. Louis, Schieffelin bought a pointer dog as retriever for the prairie chickens he expected to shoot. This poor animal's lack of training led to his sudden demise only a few weeks later.



"Roasting Dog" by William Cary.

Photos of Cary's oil paintings grace these and the following pages. Most of his works now hang in the Gilcrease Institute of History and Art in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

"Belle of the Fort" by William Cary.



Included in their gear were letters of introduction to Pierre Chouteau, whose American Fur Company by this time held a monopoly in the Northwest.

THE men embarked on the *Spread Eagle* about May 12, bound for Fort Union where passengers and freight were transferred to a smaller mountain boat, the *Chippewa*. Included in the *Chippewa's* cargo were some 300 kegs of gunpowder destined for Fort Benton, along with trade goods and annuities for the Blackfoot Indians.

Among their fellow travelers on the *Chippewa* was the awesome Andrew Dawson, a Scotsman who was with the fur company. Dawson was escorting young Jack Culbertson, the mixed blood son of Major Alexander Culbertson, a legendary figure among those who forged the American fur trade on the Missouri, and his beautiful wife, the Blackfoot princess Natawiska Iksana.

Known for his trigger-quick temper, Dawson also was a genial host. He entertained many European noblemen who came West to hunt wild game.

The passengers bound for Fort Benton, a mixed lot varying from government officials to an English squire with his wife and ward, had to "make do" with the less comfortable accommodations on the *Chippewa*, as the little boat snaked up the treacherous river. Rapid and turbulent changes in course, caused by crumbling river banks, brought many delays.

On a beautiful Sunday evening in late June, about 50 miles beyond Fort Union, the men were enjoying their after-supper cigars on the *Chippewa's* upper deck when smoke began pouring from the forward hatch. A thirsty crew member had gone below with a lighted candle to liberate a drink by drilling into a barrel of alcohol. The liquid ignited, setting the boat on fire.

Since most of the passengers were aware of the gunpowder on board, panic ensued. Some of the women had to be restrained from jumping overboard. Columns of smoke, followed by flames, leaped up from the open hatchway. The men rushed to their staterooms to grab rifles and ammunition belts and the engineer ran the boat ashore.

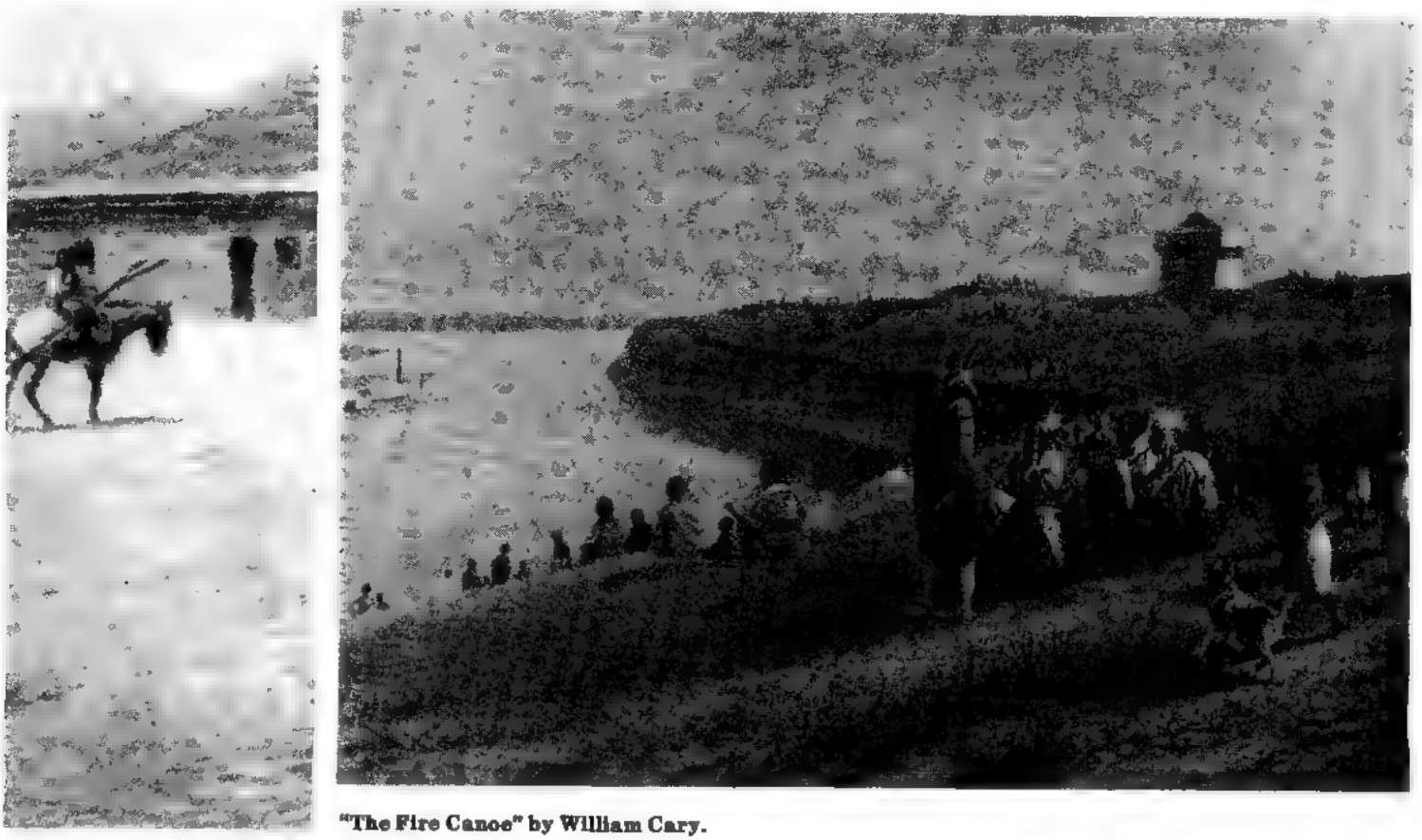
According to Schieffelin's account, "Our captain had the instinct of self-preservation strongly developed. He stood on the prow in his shirt sleeves, without a package of any kind in hand, and as soon as the boat got within six feet of land he leaped like a wild man. In so doing, he pushed the frail little steamer out into the water again, but the engineer drove her up to the shore and held her there until all the passengers were safely off."

Twenty minutes later the passengers watched from the safety of a cottonwood grove as the *Chippewa* exploded. The hapless engineer and Schieffelin's pointer, who refused to stir when his master called him, were the only victims.

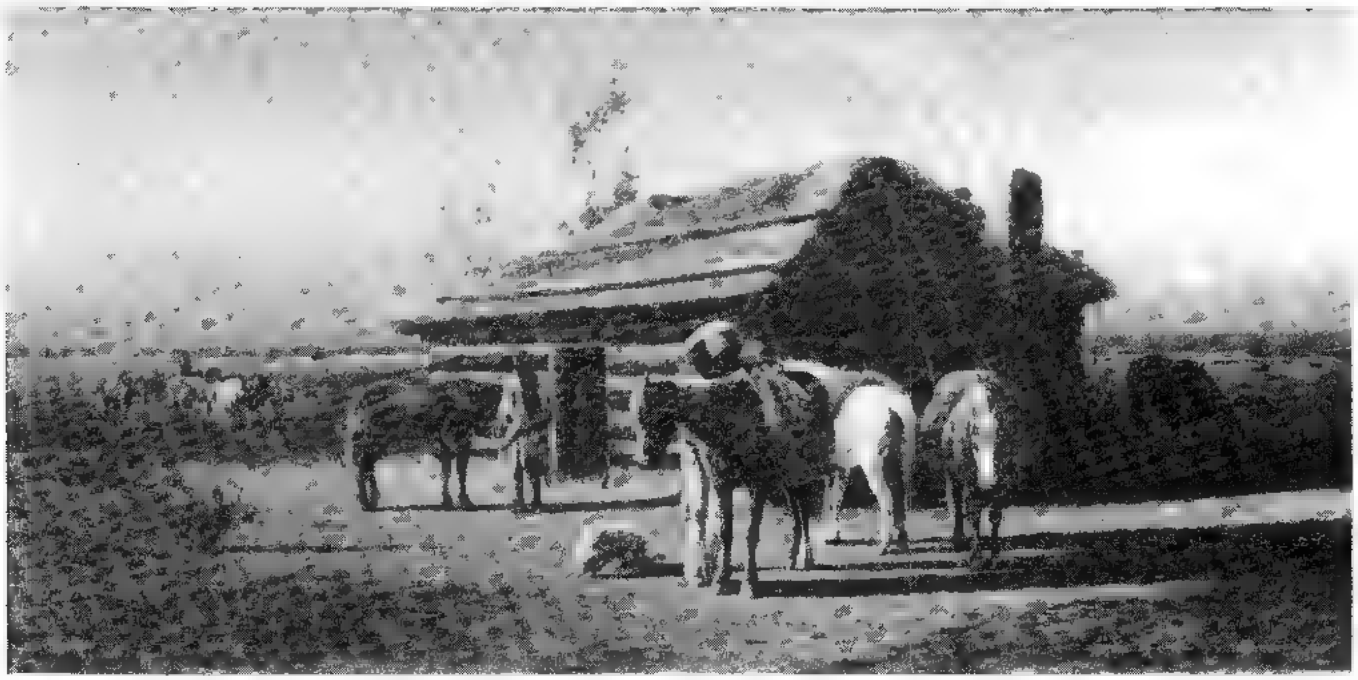
A search of the river bank enabled the crew and passengers to retrieve some canned goods from the wreckage and to uncover an old flat-bottomed Mackinaw boat. A shelter of boughs was constructed over the 30-foot vessel and the passengers floated down to Fort Union on it, their trip enhanced with buffalo meat shared by some friendly Indians.

MANY of the *Chippewa's* passengers, including the Englishman and his two ladies, returned to St. Joseph, Missouri. But not Cary and his two companions. They spent six weeks at Fort Union while Dawson and his clerk, Matthew Carroll, went on to Fort Benton, 400 miles upriver, to procure wagons and restock some of the goods and annuities expected by the Indians.

There was plenty of activity for Cary to sketch at Fort Union. A buffalo stampede, buffalo hunts, a close escape while the artist was pursuing horse thieves and a dance given by three men for their



"The Fire Canoe" by William Cary.



"The Trading Post" by William Cary.

fur company hosts enlivened their six-week stay.

A prominent frontiersman Cary became acquainted with at Fort Union was Robert Meldrum, then 60 years old. A blacksmith by trade, Meldrum left his native Kentucky to go up the Missouri River in 1832 with Captain Benjamin Bonneville. Major Culbertson, in 1846, put Meldrum in charge of Fort Alexander at the mouth of the Big Horn River. But ill health forced him to return to Fort Union as a pensioner of the fur company.

Cary recalled being with Meldrum in a Crow camp when the trader by way of introducing his young friends called together a group of Indians, took from his pocket a small bottle of peppermint and announced dramatically as he withdrew the cork, "If one of these friends of mine are harmed, I will empty this on the ground and you will all have small pocks (sic)."

Cary also recalled Mrs. Meldrum as she "started out to visit her people drest (sic) in her black silk and hoop skirt astride a bronco," an incident he later painted and named *Belle of the Indian Fort.*

In the painting, an Indian woman attired in an elegant bright blue hoop-skirted gown with ruffles is seated astride a horse, one white-stockinged leg exposed to the thigh. Three youths dressed as frontiersmen are portrayed bowing and doffing their hats while an older, more formally dressed man stands beside her. There are other Indians in the stockade, including women pulling travois in the timber-enclosed square.

There is a gradual change in the condescending attitude toward the native Americans first exhibited by both Cary and Schieffelin in their earlier accounts.

They found refinement among some of the Indian women they encountered and dignity in an eloquent speech they heard by Assiniboine Chief Broken Arm. This contrasted with brutal Indian treatment of three white trappers found near Fort Union, wounded by more than twenty arrows and so emaciated they had to be nursed back to health.

Cary and his colleagues eventually saw that the innate nobility of the native had been influenced by mistreatment from white men. At the end of six weeks, Dawson and his men returned with wagons and gear to transport the remaining *Chippewa* passengers to Fort Benton. The New Yorkers bought an old wooden-wheeled cart which served them well (until they started over the Rockies) and loaded it with their traps, provisions and a skin lodge purchased from the Indians. They set out on horseback on Aug. 12 for the tedious journey to Fort Benton.

COMING upon a large Crow camp, Dawson took the trio to call on the chief. They shared a meal with the tribe's elders. After returning to the wagon train they learned an Indian was kicked by an ox while attempting to steal some ox-bows from under one of the wagons.

The Crow was hurt so his friends stopped the wagon intending to shoot the oxen and take its contents.

Dawson tried to reason with the agitated Crows, but made little progress. Losing his temper, he drew his revolver precipitating the most dangerous moment of the entire expedition. The Indians took the whites as prisoners.

"About 200 Indians aiming guns and arrows at us, and all anxious for an excuse to fire." As Schieffelin wrote: "If a shot had been fired, we would all have been killed within a few seconds. At this moment, the chiefs who had dined with us came riding up and rescued us from the hands of their men. A large circle was formed, a council held, and by the payment of sundry blankets, provisions, etc., the affair was settled."

AT last the train was permitted to move on. After it had gone about a mile, and the men were congratulating themselves on the narrow escape, Indians were seen racing toward them at top speed.

Still shaken by their encounter at the Crow camp, the men watched the approach of eleven naked Indians in feathers and war paint, their horses covered with foam. They were led by a noble-looking white-haired chief.

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"Buffalo Crossing the Missouri" by William Cary.

Dawson assured the party there was nothing to fear and the "hangers on" from the Crow camp, who had been following, began to fall back and leave the party rapidly.

When the war party rode up, an amazing thing happened. The old chief dismounted and he and Dawson embraced one another.

"Our leader was an old Scotsman...accustomed to thrilling scenes of frontier life for many years," Schieffelin wrote, "but this was too much for him. He turned to us, with tears in his eyes, and in a broken voice said:

"Gentlemen, let me introduce to you my father-in-law, a Blackfoot chief. He says he heard we had been seized and were about to be killed by the Crows; that he, with his ten warriors, could not do much against 3,000 Crows, but that they had come down to die with us."

From Fort Benton, the three men traveled west some 300 miles without protection, save for a Blackfoot driver, a mixed blood boy as herdsman and a former member of the *Chippewa* crew engaged as cook.

Except for being without red meat for ten days, this part of the journey was without incident.

"It was a rather foolhardy undertaking for three city boys, but Providence was kind to us," Schieffelin reported. The only Indians encountered were Flatheads bound for a buffalo hunt in the Missouri basin.

At Hell Gate (near the present town of Missoula, Montana), the New Yorkers came upon a survey party commanded by Lieutenant John Mullan and joined a wagon train that had brought supplies to Mullan's party. The train took them to Walla Walla in Washington Territory. Early November found them traveling by stagecoach and steamboat en route to Portland, Oregon, where they boarded a steamer for San Francisco.

Schieffelin painted a romantic picture of their arrival: "First-class cowboys, dressed in skin coats and trousers, flannel shirts and belts, with knives and revolvers strapped to our waists. Our capital was 25 cents among us three." The following morning, Schieffelin and Lawrence ordered new clothes and stayed to enjoy San Francisco.

Not so Cary. He telegraphed New York to assure everyone he was all right and boarded a Panama mail steamship for Panama City. There he took the new Panama Railroad across the Isthmus to board another line for New York.

Cary arrived home in January 1862. Schieffelin and Lawrence returned a month later.

By the time the Civil War was over, the nation was changed by the westward course of the "iron trail." An expedition such as the three had taken would never be possible again.

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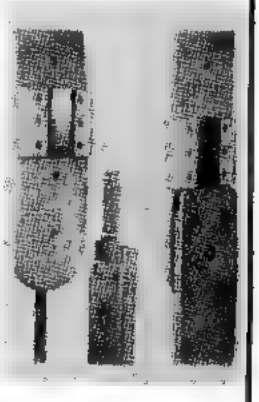

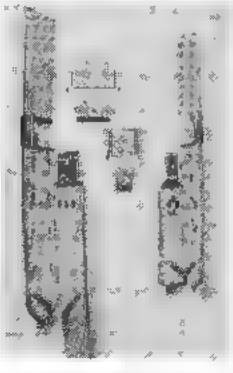

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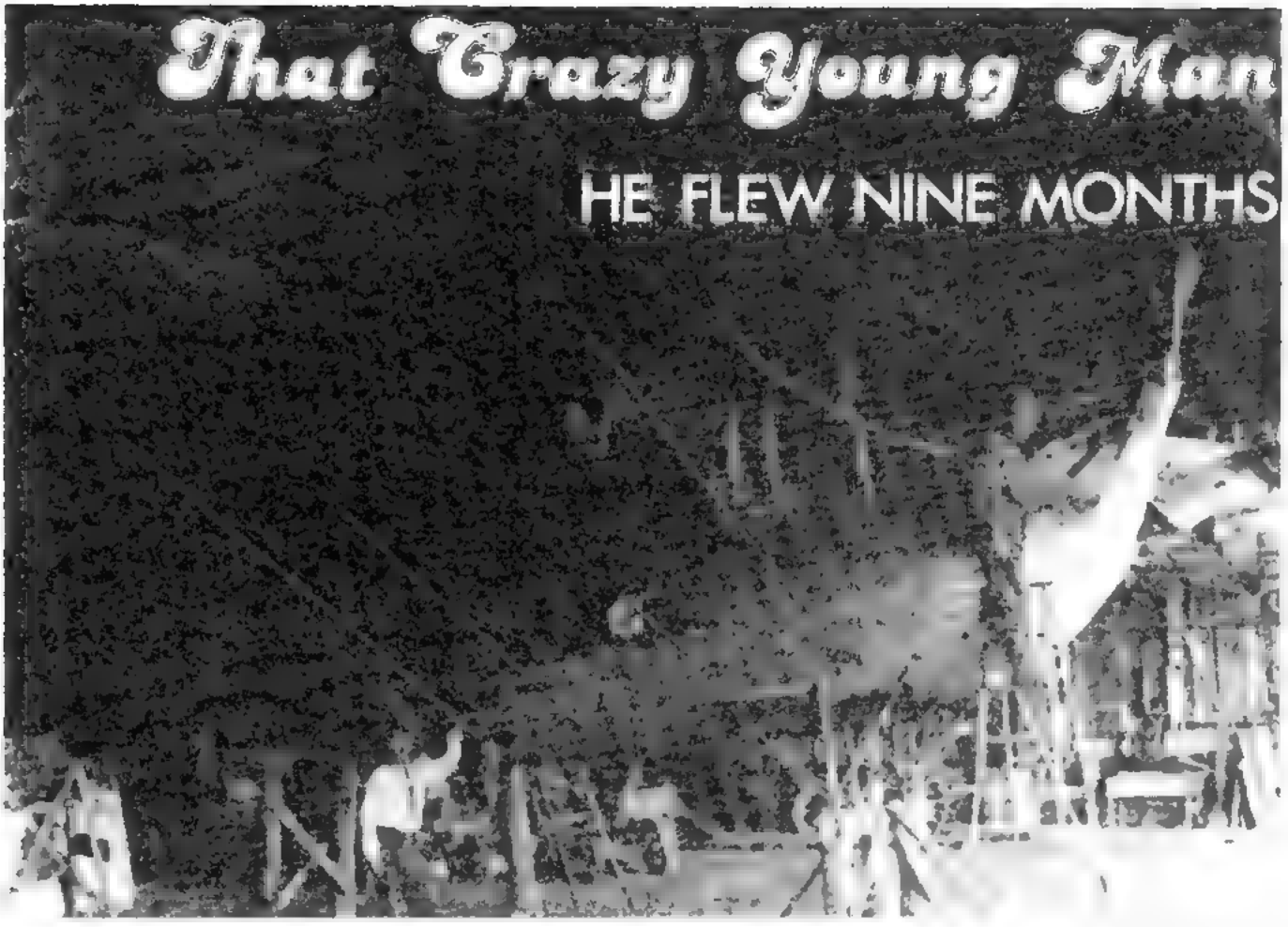


Courtesy Leonard E. Harris

Courtesy Leonard E. Harris

Top photo: Lyman Gilmore, on ladder at front, working on his flying machine in his workshop. Above: Lyman Gilmore Jr. in later years.

By RICHARD REESE

Take a challenging feat like hanging a mile of mining flume on the face of a one-thousand-foot high cliff. Then toss in a flying machine that by all appearances should never fly. Finally, add the strange and unexplainable visions of an eccentric inventor and you have the makings for one of the most bizarre episodes to emerge from California's northern mines.

LIKE ANY placer mining operation, the Yuba Mine, near Grass Valley, California, needed water. Water was used to wash the gold from tons of unwanted dirt.

When the Yuba Mining Company began operations in the spring of 1897, its owners decided to use nearby creeks and streams, instead of building costly ditches and flumes from distant lakes.

The owners thought the streams and creeks would flow forever. But two very dry winters in succession left the stream beds almost dry.

It didn't take long for the Yuba Mine owners to realize they had to build a ditch from the closest reservoir, twenty miles to the east.

Miners' ditches were big business in those days and with the advent of hydraulic mining, an elaborate system of dams, lakes, reservoirs, canals, flumes and pipelines was built.

The first mining ditch in California was built in March of 1850, at Coyote Hill, near Nevada City, to supply water to the long-toms in that area. It was a V-flume almost two miles long.

Water for the mines in some cases was carried along the face of steep cliffs,

and His Flying Machine

BEFORE THE WRIGHTS

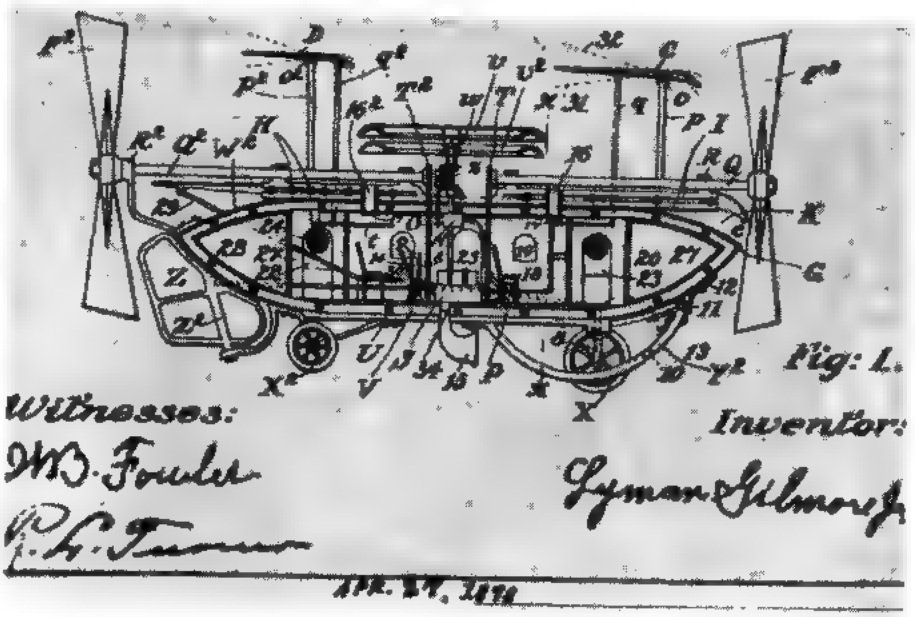
over deep gorges and through the Sierra Nevada Mountains for fifty miles and more. The source usually was an artificial lake or reservoir at some higher elevation.

Early mining ditches were good examples of engineering skill. In many instances, there were no places on the sides of a canyon to dig a canal so flumes were literally hung on the cliffs.

Other mines had long ditches and flumes built or attached to cliffs, so the owners of the Yuba Mine thought they could do the same. They constructed eighteen miles of ditch when workers encountered a cliff along which the ditch would have to go.

Since there was no other water source and no other route for the ditch, the Yuba's owners decided to build a mile-long flume on the face of the cliff.

Surveyors lowered by ropes from the top determined where the flume would have to go. Back on top, they reported that at the desired elevation, the flume would have to go where the cliff bent back into itself. It was their opinion that it would be impossible for workers dangling by ropes to swing far enough into the cliff to attach the flume.



Courtesy Leonard E. Harris

Gilmore's plan for a vertical aircraft.

ONE OF THE miners suggested it might be a good idea to call in "that inventor fella" from Big Meadows. He had solved many flume and ditch construction problems where others failed.

The young inventor, Lyman Gilmore Jr., was no stranger to gold mines or their operations. He designed and built many pieces of equipment to help miners with their tasks.

One of these devices was a tunnel-and-shaft boring machine that would chew through shale and bedrock at eighteen to twenty-four inches an hour. Another of Gilmore's inventions was a self-operating pump that drew water from mines. Engineers claimed it was the best pump available for taking water out of mines.

Gilmore also was fascinated by the possibilities of mechanical flight and was actually building as airship of his own design.

The inventor agreed to study the Yuba's problems. He spent a day studying the topography around the mine in hope of finding an alternate route for the ditch. Finding none, he concluded there was no other way but to build a flume along the face of the cliff.

Gilmore recommended building two separate sections of flume along the face of the cliff, one on each side of the fold. He hoped to have a solution for filling in the missing ninety-foot section by the time the other two were completed.

The inventor built a ninety-foot sec-

Courtesy Leonard E. Harris

Gilmore's Aerodrome in Grass Valley, California, in 1907.

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Courtesy of Author

Drawing of a break in a wooden mining flume.

tion and installed a large crane of his own design at the top of the cliff. The crane was lowered by a steam engine and its arm extended twenty feet from a heavy wood and iron base.

Gilmore started the steam boiler in the crane and lowered a worker over the edge of the cliff. The inventor pulled gears but the man dangling in space began to swing like a pendulum. Spectators below had a good view of the scene. They watched the tiny figure on the rope spin like a spider in a web. The worker was eventually pulled to safety.

After that the mine's owners were no longer interested in Gilmore's ideas. The nearly bankrupt Yuba Mine partnership decided to give up the claim and go elsewhere.

NEVER a man to accept defeat, Gilmore ran ground value tests at the Yuba. These tests determine the amount of gold contained in a cubic yard of dirt. Once that is known, the cost of labor and water is calculated to determine if mining is economically feasible.

Gilmore's testing showed there was plenty of gold left in the Yuba Mine. There would be more than enough if he could get it out to finance his powered aircraft development.

Gilmore always insisted he could visualize in complete detail each of his inventions. He said "a voice" told him what to build and how to build it. The "voice" had given him the plans for a helicopter-type airship.

The flying machine was eighteen feet long, powered by a twenty-horsepower steam engine. It had dual rotor blades and rode on a pair of bicycle wheels.

Gilmore decided to test his airship at Big Meadows before attempting to fly up the cliff at the Yuba Mine. If his aircraft flew as well as he thought, he would then land it on a rock ledge on the cliff.

THE MORNING of April 23, 1903, dawned bright and clear with only a slight breeze blowing down from the Sierra Nevadas. Gilmore thought it a perfect day for flying.

By the time Gilmore and his brother, Charlie, had wheeled the flying machine onto the meadow a large group of the curious had gathered to watch.

Gilmore fired the boiler, climbed into his machine and prepared for takeoff. Very slowly the twin rotor-blades began to turn. They turned faster and faster until the airship lifted several feet off the ground.

The craft then settled back to earth. Gilmore, his long hair and beard blowing wildly in the hot flow of steam from the red hot boiler, made a few frantic adjustments. The craft again lifted and it continued to rise. Higher and higher went Gilmore and his flying machine, for almost sixty feet. Then the overheated boiler ruptured.

Gilmore and his airship plummeted to earth in a great cloud of steam and black smoke. The crowd scurried to safety.

By some miracle, Gilmore escaped with minor cuts and bruises but his airship was demolished. He did not know that he had flown nine months before the Wright Brothers' historic flight at Kitty Hawk in December 1903.

GILMORE was a likeable character to the people of Nevada County. They recognized him by his shoulder-length hair and flowing beard, which he never allowed anyone to cut.

Usually he wore an old, shabby felt hat, baggy trousers and a tattered coat that reached to his ankles. Gilmore never again engaged in mining ventures or ditch and flume engineering. Instead, he devoted his time to his inventions which he hoped would benefit mankind.

One of these was a device for obtaining water from dry land. His system used the distilling mechanism found in desert plants. The machine actually obtained water from apparently dry land. But he was unable to interest investors in the invention.

Lyman Gilmore's strange ideas and behavior brought him ridicule. Gilmore had no business sense, but he did possess a suspicious nature and an almost childish proprietary attachment to his inventions.

On Feb. 4, 1951, Gilmore suffered a heart attack and was rushed to the Nevada County Hospital. He was greatly chagrined when hospital attendants cut off his long beard and hair to treat him better. He also was upset when he discovered that they had burned the old coat he always wore. Understandably so, as there was $15,000 sewn into its lining.

Gilmore died on Feb. 18, 1951. He is buried in Pine Grove Cemetery beside his brother, Charlie.

As for the Yuba Mine, it faded into obscurity. By some odd quirk of nature, sufficient water to work the gravel never returned to the creeks and streams near the mine.

The wood mining flume on the face of the cliff that Gilmore and others tried to complete clung like a giant, severed serpent, until it weathered and rotted away.

In time, the Yuba was forgotten. Its

Courtesy of Author

Heavy winter snow and avalanches would cause mining flumes to collapse.

location became clouded in doubt and controversy. Some believe the Sugar Loaf Mine was called the Yuba, and that the paydirt was worked out by Chinese who carried the gravel to Deer Creek to wash it. But, there are those who will tell you that the real Yuba Mine remains undisturbed. If they are right, the gold must still be there, still waiting for enough water to wash it free.

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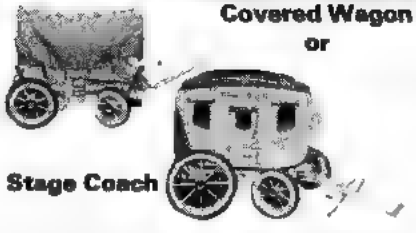

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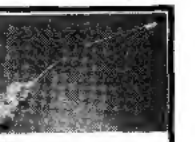

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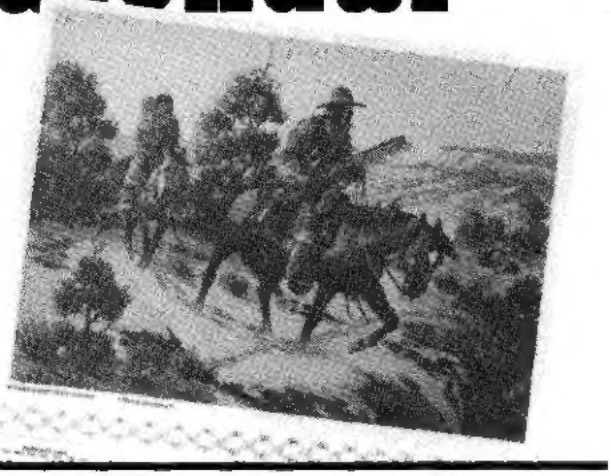

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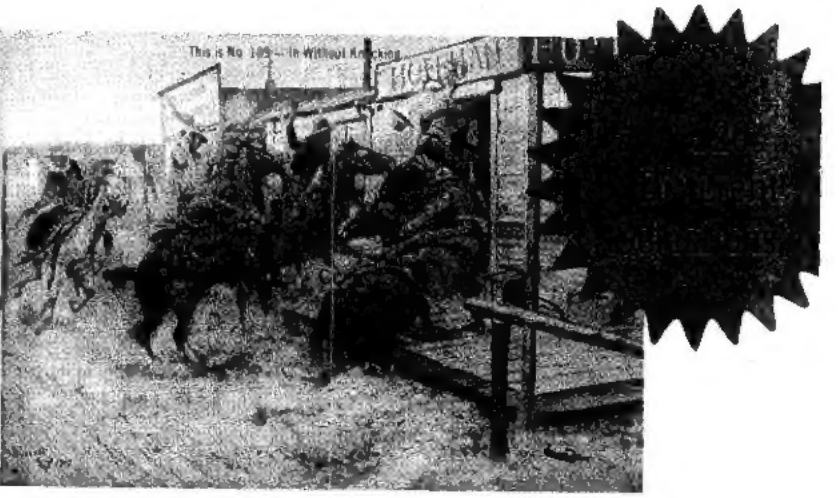

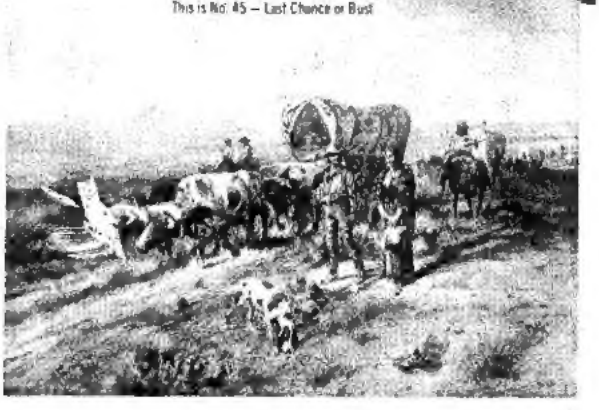

——PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH——

1— Ambushed, 11 x 14
2— A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½ x 9½
3— A Loose Couch, 11 x 8
4— A Wounded Grizzly, 8½ x 11
5— Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11 x 7½
6— Boss of the Trail Herd, 8 x 10½
7— Bronc to Breakfast, 13½ x 9½
8— Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 13½ x 8
9— Bucking Bronco, 8 x 11½
10— Better Than Bacon, 11 x 8½ (watercolor)
11— On the Move, 13½ x 9½
12— Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½ x 8½ (color)
13— On the Trail, 11 x 7½
14— The Pony Raid, 10½ x 8
15— At Close Quarters, 11 x 8½
16— Capturing the Grizzly, 15 x 8½
17— Cinch Ring, 15 x 8½
18— Caught with the Goods, 14 x 9½
19— Cowboy Life, 11 x 14
20— Call of the Law, 13½ x 9½
21— Carson's Men (Kit Carson) 14 x 9½
22— Return of the Warriors, 13½ x 9½
23— The Water Girl, 9 x 10½ (watercolor)
24— Renegades Return, 13½ x 9½
25— Chief Joseph (Indian Head), 8 x 11 (watercolor)
26— Deadline on the Range, 14 x 9½
27— Disputed Trail, 9½ x 13½
28— Dangerous Cripples, 14 x 9½
29— In the Wake of the Buffalo Runners, 10 x 8
30— Early American, 13½ x 9½
31— Elk in Lake McDonald, 11 x 8½ (watercolor)
32— First Furrow, 8 x 12 (watercolor)
33— First Wagon Tracks, 15 x 8½
34— Finding the Trail, 13½ x 9½
35— Heads or Tails, 15 x 8½
36— Heading the Right Way, 13½ x 9½
37— The Cattle Drive, 13½ x 9½
38— Women of the Plains, 8 x 8
39— Invocation to the Sun, 13½ x 9½
40— Indian Love Call, 13½ x 9½
41— Jerked Down, 15 x 8½
42— The Jerkline, 14 x 9½
43— Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½ x 7
45— Last Chance or Bust, 12½ x 9
46— Mad Cow, 12 x 9 (watercolor)
47— Wagons Westward, 10½ x 8 (watercolor)
48— The Challenge, 18½ x 6½
49— When Arrows Spell Death, 9 x 7
50— Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10 x 7 (watercolor)
51— At the End of the Rope, 15½ x 7
52— Prospectors, 10½ x 8
53— Planning the Attack, 14 x 10
54— Pipe of Peace, 14 x 7
55— Who Killed the Bear? 10½ x 7
56— Queens's War Hounds, 14 x 9½
57— Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11 x 8½
58— Roping a Grizzly, 11 x 8½
59— Red Man's Wireless, 14 x 7
60— Roping a Wolf, 11 x 8
61— Smoking Them Out, 11 x 10½
62— Scattering The Riders, 11½ x 8
63— Strenuous Life, 14 x 9½
64— Sun Worshipers, 16 x 10½
65— Serious Predicament, 15 x 8½
66— Single Handed, 14 x 9½
67— Slick Ear, 11½ x 9
68— Smoke of a .45, 12 x 9
69— Saga Brush Sport, 13½ x 8½
70— Signal Fire, 11 x 14
71— When Red Man Talks War, 13½ x 9½
72— In Enemy Country, 13½ x 9½
73— The Medicine Man, 11 x 8½
74— Trail's End, 13½ x 9½
75— The Holdup, 13 x 8
76— The Bolter, 9½ x 13½
77— The Attack, 12 x 8
78— The Drifter, 13½ x 9½
79— The Tenderfoot, 11 x 8
80— Two of a Kind Win, 13½ x 9½
81— Last of 5,000, 8 x 9½ (watercolor)
83— When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½ x 9½
84— Mandan Buffalo Hunt, 13½ x 9½
86— Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½ x 8 (watercolor)
87— Whose Meat? 13½ x 9½
88— Wagon Boss, 16 x 10½
89— When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½ x 9½
90— A Crow Chief, 7 x 9 (watercolor)
91— Innocent Allies, 13½ x 9½
92— Where Ignorance is Bliss, 20½ x 6 (watercolor)
93— When Sow x & Blackfoot Meet, 15 x 8½
94— Warning Shadows, 10½ x 7
95— When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15 x 8½
96— Wound Up, 11 x 8½ (watercolor)
97— The Scouts (Indians) 9½ x 7
98— Winter Packet, 9½ x 5 (watercolor)
99— Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11 x 8½
101— The Buffalo Hunt (1880) 13½ x 9½
102— Cowboy Sport, 13½ x 9½
103— A Desperate Stand, 13½ x 9½
104— Rider of the Rough String, 13½ x 9½
105— Prairie Express (Stagecoach), 13½ x 9½
106— The Fire Boat, 10½ x 8
107— Our Warriors Return, 13½ x 9½
108— When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½ x 9½
109— In Without Knocking, 14 x 10
110— Critical Moment (Cowboys), 8 x 8
111— Land of Good Hungers, 13½ x 9½
112— Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13 x 9½
113— Trapper's Last Stand, 14 x 9½
114— When Meat Was Plentiful, 11 x 7½
115— Buffalo on the Move, 13½ x 9
116— Red Skin Raiders, 13½ x 9
117— Trail of the Iron Horse (Indians, tracks) 13½ x 9½
118— Breaking Camp (Indian Women), 13½ 9½
119— Rebag Line, 13½ x 9½
120— Indian Trading Post, 9½ x 13½
121— Stalking the Herd, 9½ x 13½
122— Death of a Gambler, 9½ x 13½
123— Pagan Indian, 9 x 12
124— Russell Letter to a Friend (black white), 8½ x 11

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